

MACLEAN'S

FEBRUARY 1 1952 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS

THE RIDDLE OF LOUIS RIEL

A Flashback by W. O. Mitchell

SHE COOKED DINNER
FOR THE PRINCESS

THE SHY MIDAS BEHIND UNGAVA



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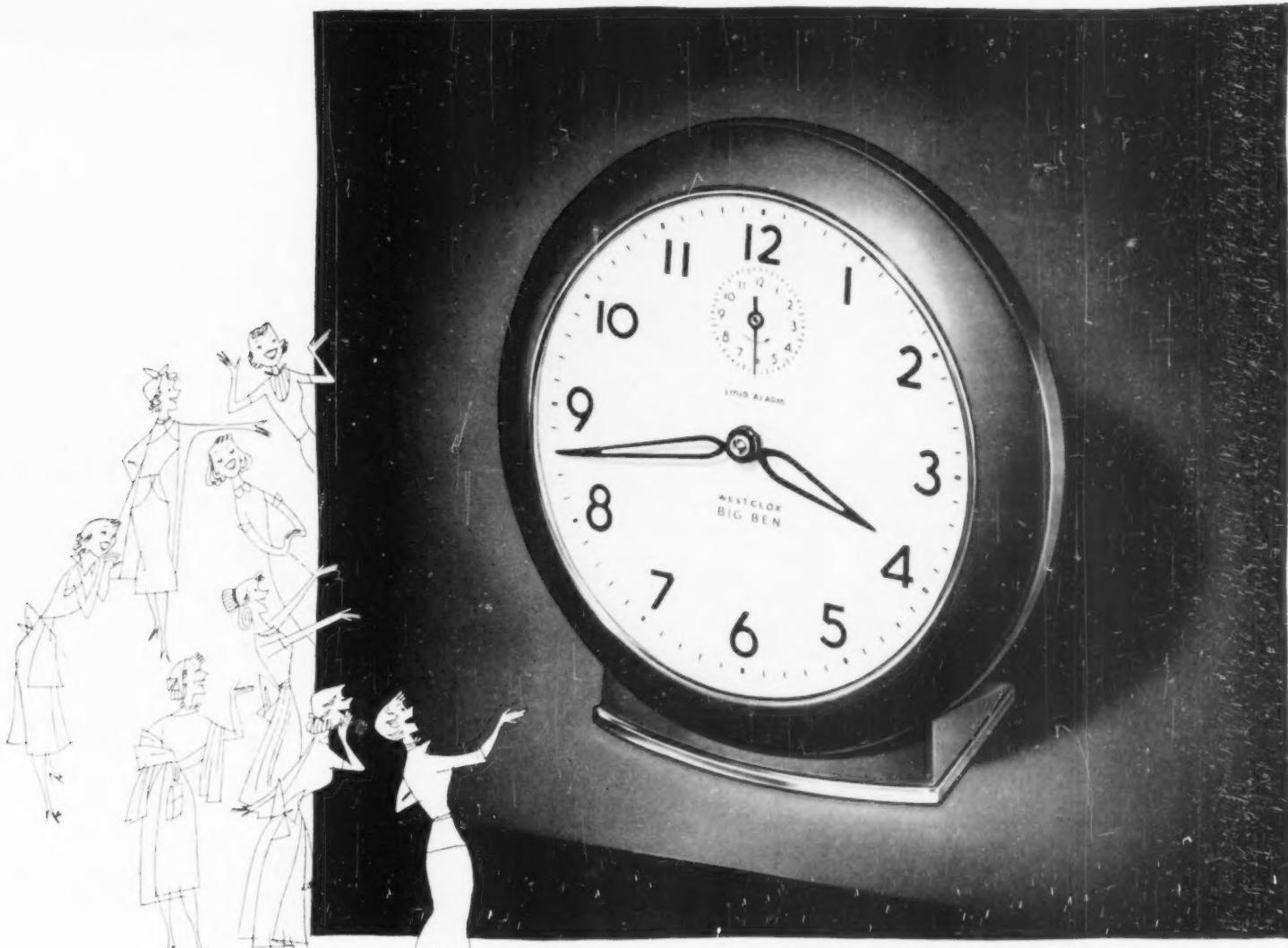
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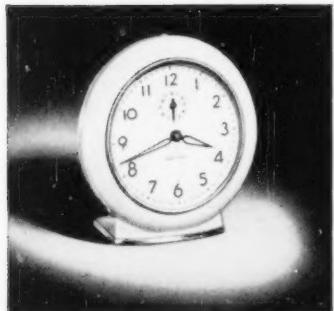
GOOD  **YEAR**



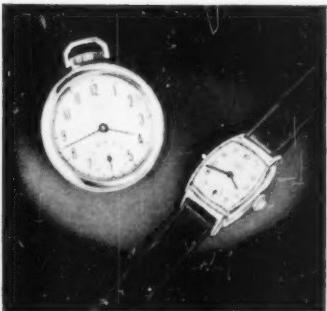
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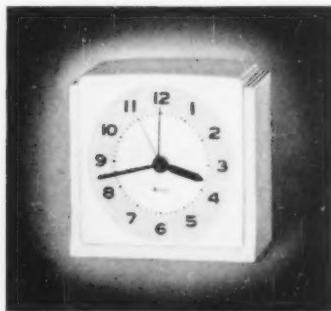
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EDITORIAL

HOW TO UNTIE TRAFFIC KNOTS

AMID THE beguiling horrors of Christmas, Canada's two largest cities simultaneously hit the jackpot. It began to snow in Montreal and it began to snow in Toronto and what happened to traffic in both those hapless places had to be seen to be believed.

To steal a phrase from a man who has abandoned city life, each became a concentration camp of automobiles. On a single impulse, as though sensing the Armageddon of the machine, the proud Chryslers, the sturdy Fords and Chevies, the gallant little Austins and Morris flung themselves from their parking lots and side streets and fled in panic toward the doubtful sanctuary of the suburbs. Soon, regardless of individual pedigree or individual fault or virtue, they were all as one helpless numbers in a long lock step to nowhere. Among the gathering drifts they huddled as motionless and silent as the creatures of an Arctic Dante. Occasionally, maddened beyond endurance, one of them would throw itself shrieking and trembling away from the vicelike grip of the mass and at certain long and unpredictable intervals the mass itself would quiver forward a foot or two. Ultimately most of the captives did, somehow, achieve escape or a parole to the smaller stalags ringing the main compounds.

Maclean's believes the problem of urban traffic, which is of the greatest importance to our commercial prosperity and our personal pleasure, can be solved or at least checked if we will try to meet it with genuine intelligence.

Everybody knows the root cause of traffic jams: too many vehicles trying to occupy too little street space. At a conservative estimate fifty percent of the vehicles that cause the average urban traffic jam should have stood in bed. They are carrying one person from and to his home outside the centre of a city to and from his place of business in the centre of a city. They are seldom used to make work calls which could not be made by other means.

All the people who use their cars for such a purpose are not necessarily doing so without

cause. The public transportation services which link the centres of our cities with the residential areas are not, in the main, equipped to carry very much more traffic than they carry now. In rush hours they are slow and crowded, and their slowness is magnified by their need of competing for elbowroom with the people who have been crowded off into private cars.

To talk about taking private cars off the city streets without putting more streetcars and buses on them is to forget the mathematics of city living. And to put on more streetcars and buses without first finding some reasonable plan to pay for them and, second, clearing more space for them, would be another negation of logic.

It may be that the solution is this: Let all cities faced with serious traffic problems impose a special city license fee—in effect a business tax—on all private vehicles whose owners feel they must drive into the crowded areas during business hours. Tourists and out-of-town business visitors could and should be exempted from this tax, but anyone dwelling within, say, fifteen miles of the city hall would either have to pay the special license or risk a fine every time he brought his car downtown during the peak traffic hours. The designation of cars which are liable to the tax would be relatively easy, if the provincial licensing authorities would co-operate.

In Toronto it is estimated that a hundred thousand cars pile in and out of the downtown area in an average weekday. A reasonably stiff city license—say twenty-five dollars—might take half those cars out of the rush-hour stream. The other half would contribute more than a half million dollars a year for improved bus, streetcar and subway services to the city and its suburbs and to the elimination of bottlenecks.

Under a plan such as this most of the three million Canadians who live in and around large cities would get to and from work more quickly and in better nervous health. And our sometime friend and sometime enemy, the automobile, would revert to the status of a beloved ally, an indispensable partner in our work and in our fun.

IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

FARLEY MOWAT became severely infected by *virus Arcticus* when he first went to Churchill in 1935 with his great-uncle to hunt for birds' eggs. He has visited the north country many times since to gather material for stories like *Blizzard in the Banana Belt* on page twelve. He has a book about an almost unknown tribe of inland Eskimos coming out in the spring under the title *People of the Deer* and the imprint of McLellan and Stewart... **W. O. Mitchell**, who wrote *The Riddle of Louis Riel*, which starts on page seven, gathered the material for this flashback from original documents and eyewitnesses... **Richmond P. Hobson Jr.**'s neighbors staged a jamboree in frontier garb when their fellow townsman and favorite author returned to Vanderhoof, B.C., for Christ-



mas after launching his book, *Grass Beyond the Mountains*, parts of which first appeared in this magazine... **The Cover:** **William Winter**, who painted the cover for this issue, literally returned to the scene of his childhood and the days when he took gym classes as a ten-year-old at the Y in Winnipeg. That's a self-portrait of the artist at work sketching just behind the muscular instructor doing a handstand on the parallel bars.

MACLEAN'S

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

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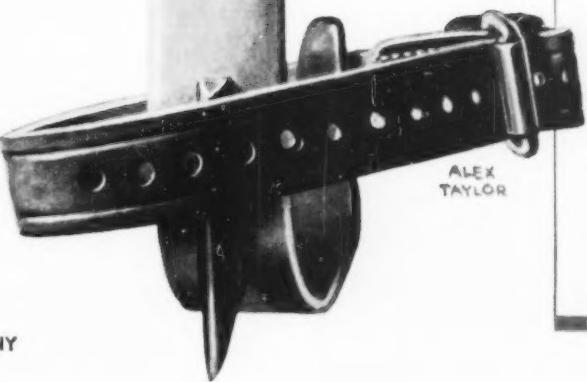
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LONDON LETTER by Beverley Baxter



Oxford Circus: In the magic square mile nothing is denied to talent.

BAGDAD ON THE THAMES

AT ANY TIME and for no particular reason except perhaps that the weather might be in a sulky sodden mood, the Baxter family in St. John's Wood is apt to carry on a debate: "Why live in London when we could live . . . ?" As a native of Vancouver my wife goes all starry-eyed as she describes the blue mountains and the glory of the sea in British Columbia, and when I counter with the delights of life in Toronto I am buried in that scorn which we Torontonians have always endured at the hands of the far westerners. Even when I mention the rain in Vancouver I am told that it freshens everything and makes the Queen of the Pacific more beautiful.

My daughter Meribah, with a fine disdain for such stupid things as currency regulations, would like to live in Austria during the winter, England in the spring, France in the summer and Vancouver in the autumn. My son, who is now on the staff of Lord Beaverbrook's Evening Standard, would, if he had his way, work on a newspaper set in an aerodrome so that he could fly between editions.

Since all debates have to come to an end I usually wind it up with some such proposition as this: "Supposing we were all going abroad next week. You would be delighted, for one of the joys of living in London is the ease with which you can get away from it. But suppose I said that we were leaving London for good, never to return. What would you think?" That shakes them. Even the Vancouver rose wilts a bit.

Ever since London was London philosophers and wits have been uttering opinions about it. Emerson declared it to be the successor of Imperial Rome, Hazlitt said that it was the only place in which the child grows fully into the man. Someone else, I forget his name, denounced London as having a belly but no appetite, and Dr. Johnson condemned it as a human tuberosity. But they all lived here, and never

left it for long. Last autumn Somerset Maugham, who lives in the South of France, announced that he was coming to London for the winter. "I must have conversation," he said "There can be no conversation where the sun is always shining."

There are times when I look at the queues in the rain waiting for an omnibus and wonder why anyone would choose to live in a city of eight million people. Nothing is more depressing than to watch from a train as you tunnel your way into this "monstrous tuberosity" with its thousands of huddled ugly little houses and their absurd concourse of chimney pots, and to remember that only an hour away is the sea . . . Yet we huddle together in our millions like prisoners.

But there is grandeur and there is beauty in the strange mosaic of the world's greatest metropolis once you have penetrated it. The sweep of the parks through the very heart of London is to remind us how much more skilful in planning were the dissolute monarchs of the old days compared with the virtuous town councilors of today. When I have time I walk from Marble Arch through Hyde Park and then into Green Park with its lovely flowers and gentle stream until I reach the Abbey and then cross over to the House of Commons. And on that long walk there is only a minute when I have to mingle with the traffic of the street. And even when you reach Parliament you can stroll on the terrace and see the tugs approach the arches of the bridge with their funnels curtsying backwards like snobs in reverse at a royal garden party.

All these sights are available to the visitor but they belong to us who live here. We are part of London and London is part of us. That is what holds us no matter how the sun and the hills and the great spaces may lure our thoughts.

If by chance your occupation keeps you in *Continued on page 38*

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

Cigarette Smugglers Beware

By BLAIR FRASER, Maclean's Ottawa Editor

IT'S NO secret that the Government now wishes it hadn't put the extra tax on cigarettes, which makes smuggling so inordinately profitable nowadays. But having put on the tax the Government is grimly determined to enforce it as well as possible.

Not that police and customs men have any hope of catching all the smugglers. They know they can't; but they intend to make things hot for anybody they do catch. No matter who you are, no matter what political influence you may think you have, you'll be in deep trouble if you're caught smuggling cigarettes. Appeals to powerful friends won't help you. It's been tried.

Several months ago a parish priest from a rural Quebec riding drove to the United States in the 1951 Meteor his devoted parishioners had lately presented to him. He brought back one hundred and seventy-five cartons of American cigarettes, and was caught at the border with them cached in the gift automobile. Customs officers seized the car.

Tumult broke out in Ottawa. Quebec Liberal MPs ran screaming to National Revenue: "Return the car; withdraw the charges; drop the case, or we'll grind your bones to make our bread." The answer they got at National Revenue was soft but firm, and could be abbreviated to one syllable, "No."

They went to the cabinet and got the same answer there. Dr. J. J. McCann, Minister of National Revenue, is a good Catholic with a high respect for the clergy. He also has a high respect for the law; he stood behind his officials one hundred percent. Prime Minister St. Laurent

was equally firm in refusing to intervene. The reverend gentleman was duly hauled into court and fined two hundred dollars. The gift automobile remained in the hands of the crown and has since been sold. No matter what resentments may yet smolder on the back benches, the case is closed.

It made things somewhat easier for National Revenue, no doubt, that a little later they got indignant representations of the same kind from a Progressive Conservative MP. This time the culprit was a Baptist deacon (David Sim, Deputy Minister for Customs and Excise, is a good Baptist) and apparently one of the pillars of the Progressive Conservative's community, a retired merchant, now well on in his seventies.

This old gentleman went to the U.S. to a sister's funeral and brought back twenty cartons which he got past the border all right, but which he then proceeded to sell for cash. Unluckily he did not believe in price-fixing. He sold some for \$3.50, some for \$3 and some for as little as \$2.75, only half a dollar more than he'd paid for them. One of the customers who paid \$3.50 learned that another had paid only \$2.75 and was so resentful that he told the RCMP. They called on the old gentleman, found twelve cartons still in his possession, got his own admission that he'd brought them in by car and confiscated the car as well as prosecuted the culprit, having him fined fifty dollars.

To some of the MPs involved all this indicates we are living in a police state. To the National Revenue Department it just indicates that laws, however ill-advised, are not to be

Continued on page 50



Cartoon by Grassick

American cigarettes taken from smugglers make a treat for Korean vets.

LIL' ABNER by AL CAPP

NIGHTMARE ALICE, TH' CONJURE WOMAN, IS P-PUTTIN' TH' HEX ON L-LI'L ABNER!!

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

CACKLE!! AH SETS THIS VOODOO DOLLY ON TH' ICE - AN' THE REAL LIL' ABNER KETCHES TH' YANKEE CHILL!!

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AH FOUND HIM COLD AS A MACKEREL, SHIVERIN' LIKE A SHAD AN' STIFF AS A STURGEON!!

SOUNDS FISHY - BUT IT MIGHT BE "TH' YANKEE CHILL!!" AH KIN CURE IT, IN MERELY 5 MINUTES!!

HYAR YO' IS, SON - GEN-DO WINE CHILL-CHASIN' 5 MINUTE "CREAM OF WHEAT" GIT CHOMPIN' ON THET FOOD-ENERGY-AN' NOURISHIN' MINNY-RULS!!

TH' HEX IS BROKE!! - HE'S WARMIN' UP FAST - THANKS T' "CREAM OF WHEAT"!! NOW, AH IS GONNA PAY A LI'L SOSHUL CALL ON NIGHTMARE ALICE!!

YORE MAMMY IS CASTIN' A SPELL AS DEE-LISHUS AS "CREAM OF WHEAT"

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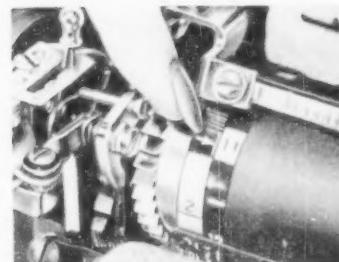
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A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK
in two parts

THE RIDDLE OF LOUIS RIEL

They hanged Riel for his part in the bitterness and bloodshed that swept the Canadian west in its struggle for self-government. Was the métis mystic a murderer or a messiah? A famous Canadian writer takes a sharp objective look at fact and legend

By W. O. MITCHELL

PART ONE

ON NOV. 16, 1885, the government of Canada hanged an American citizen as a traitor and a rebel. Sixty-six years later, at Battleford, Sask., the Prime Minister of Canada spoke up in the rebellious traitor's defense. Instantly, so powerful are the feelings engendered by his name, a storm of hot discussion spread through the west. Newspapers broke out in a rash of letters to the editor as church dignitaries, service clubs, Mounted Police veterans and plain citizens placed indignant or approving pen to paper.

After half a century Louis "David" Riel is still a storm centre of bitter controversy. These things have been said about him and are still being said: Louis Riel was the founder of Manitoba; Louis Riel was the rebel murderer of a defenseless patriot whose resistance to Riel's plotting brought him blindfolded before a firing squad; Louis Riel saved the Canadian northwest from annexation by the United States; Louis Riel intended giving the Canadian northwest to the United States; Louis Riel was insane; Louis Riel was eminently sane and feigned insanity for a purpose; Louis Riel was a gentle man who grew faint at the sight or thought of bloodshed; Louis Riel was responsible for and exulted in all the blood spilled in the Saskatchewan Insurrection of 1885; Louis Riel despised money, could not support his family or



Tom Scott's execution by Riel's men in 1870 sparked the powder keg. Enemies of Riel never rested until he too was dead.

purchase a respectable set of clothes in his entire life; Louis Riel was willing to sell any cause for a price; Louis Riel was a devout Roman Catholic; Louis Riel was an apostate bent on founding a heretic religion under a North American pope of his own choosing; Louis Riel, in short, was a hypocritical, dishonorable, treacherous rascal; Louis Riel, in short, was a noble, dedicated, visionary, patriotic hero.

The dark threads of classic tragedy form the fabric of the Riel story. This strange intense man with the brooding spirit went to his death on the scaffold after a swift fifteen-year span of events which changed the history of Canada. In that time—a decade of it spent in exile—Riel's name fired the northwest like a prairie blaze. He sparked two rebellions, marked by massacre, prayer, cannon war and execution, twice set up a provisional government with himself as president, ran successfully for federal parliament while a hunted fugitive with a price on his head, went insane, recovered, taught school, wrote poetry and, in effect, fathered the new province of Manitoba.

Louis Riel was a riddle. A mystic one, of prairie wilderness and church and métis pride. History cornered him in the riddle of east and west, of fur trader and farmer, of church and state, of nationhood and colonialism, of conservatism and liberalism. His very personal life was a riddle. A classical scholar and university graduate who wore moccasins for most of his life, he won the heart of a cultured woman and jilted her for an illiterate Montana halfbreed. If there could be any answer to what lay within his complex spirit it was in the shrieking wheels of Red River carts, the cry of a prairie wind compelling grasses low, the dying thunder of buffalo hooves wild sounds that could not carry over half a continent to parliamentary ears. Perhaps Riel himself came closest to the answer when the deputy sheriff on the Regina scaffold asked if he had anything to leave to his people. "Only my heart and I gave that to my people fifteen years ago," he said.

This poet, orator, leader, mystic and martyr—for fifteen years a thorn in the political side of Sir John A. Macdonald, known and respected by Joseph Howe, Sir Wilfrid Laurier and President Grant of the United States—had a modest enough beginning in a one-room log cabin. Here in 1844, on the banks of the Assiniboine, where St. Vital now stands, he was born into a non-nomadic métis family. His mother was a pious Canadian woman married to Louis Riel Sr., from whom Louis inherited his one eighth of Indian blood.

From childhood he attended Mass at the twin-towered cathedral in St. Boniface, where Bishop Taché preached down to the dark upturned faces of a congregation bright in checkered and colored flannel, fringed buckskin and brilliant *capots*. When he was seven he began school in the bishop's library. At ten he was a dark-eyed, obedient and intently serious boy studying Latin. Already introspective and given to lonely contemplation, he was a mother's boy. Long solitary walks under the prairie sky made him a dreamer who loved nature and the spacious freedom of the plains.

On a Rock on Mount Royal

Bishop Taché soon picked him and three other métis boys as promising candidates for further education at Montreal College. In Chicago, en route, young Louis saw and ate his first orange.

Montreal was even more exotic and alien to young Riel. He replaced his moccasins and their pink-stitched pattern of wild roses with boots. A barber's haircut supplanted his mother's rough trim. College life in Montreal, away from a family to which he was deeply attached, pushed Riel a little further into his habit of daydreaming. He announced to his teachers one day that he was not Louis Riel at all but a Jew, Mordecai, who had been substituted for Louis Riel. When his bishop asked Riel the meaning of this silliness Louis said it was just a whim. There was a long pause. Louis cleared his throat. "All the same," he added, "it could be."

His father died in 1864 when Riel was twenty. He became the absent head of a family composed of his mother and eight younger children. He began to miss classes, to sit alone on a rock on Mount Royal. He went to study law rather than continue in studies for the priesthood. In his spare time he took up the writing of poetry, a habit that continued throughout his life.

Finally, he left Montreal for the west. By mid-summer 1868 he was back in Red River.

When he stepped off the boat Riel was a comparatively unknown young man of twenty-four. Warm and emotional in nature he had a hair-trigger temper which he did his best to control. He would frequently switch from anger to politeness, asking the person he had just been raging at to forgive him. Contradiction in an argument annoyed him most. He was clever and articulate, spoke passable English and carried himself with noticeable erectness. He was proud of his brown hair which he parted on the right side and brought over in a curl. He was considered handsome by both the métis and English girls of the settlement. Carried away in the excitement of a discussion he used his slender graceful hands freely in gesture. He had a weakness for punning and a quick wit. Five feet eleven inches tall, with a broad brow and dark rather protuberant eyes which had a disconcerting steadiness, he seldom laughed but frequently smiled a slow and reluctant smile.

The Jail That Was a Joke

The year of Louis' arrival in the colonial Red River settlement was a bad year for the métis and English settlers. The buffalo hunt failed. A plague of grasshoppers ruined the crops. The Canadian government began the building of the Dawson road to the east. Surveyors came like grasshoppers running their lines on the section plan, cutting across the long strip holdings of the métis along the river banks.

Perhaps the most unsettling influence was the *Nor'wester*, a four-page newspaper published by a Dr. John Christian Schultz, who had gathered around himself a group known as the Canadian Party. Schultz controlled the only newspaper in the settlement. A bear of a man in his late twenties, he and his group made a noise far out of proportion to their numbers. An opportunist, Schultz became friendly with Col. J. S. Dennis, the head surveyor, and bought himself huge tracts of land.

Another loud and articulate voice in the Canadian Party was that of Thomas Scott, a lean and gangling North Irishman who had come from Ontario with the Dawson road gang. A rabid and violent Orangeman, Scott had tried to drown a man. Found guilty, he was fined twenty-five dollars for his little burst of frontier spirit. His angular face with its two glinting gold teeth was a familiar one at meetings in the *Nor'wester* printing building, or the Schultz store, where the Canadian Party met.

A community of stone forts, stores, mud huts and saloons ringed by the tepees of Saulteaux and Sioux who had fled across the border after a massacre in Minnesota, the Red River settlement was desperately in need of strong sure government. Its dwellers were tensely uncertain of their fate now that the Hudson's Bay was giving up its charter. They were worried about the title to their lands and divided by religious and racial differences.

The settlement's government in fact was the almost impotent Council of Assiniboia composed of sixteen members all appointed by the Hudson's Bay Company from London. Its courts were a laughing stock. In 1862 Rev. James Corbett of Headingley was arrested, tried and imprisoned after a disappointing abortion performed on a servant girl in his employ. His friends stormed the prison and released him. In the spring of 1868 Dr. Schultz, the self-assertive publisher of the *Nor'wester*, was brought to court and ordered to pay money owed to creditors. The bailiff who went to his home to execute the judgment returned beaten up. Schultz was put in jail. Twelve of his friends called together by Mrs. Schultz broke open the prison and carried him away on their

Continued on page 43

Le Roe.	Pierre	Thomas	Xavier	Andre	Baptiste
De Lorraine.	Hann.	Page.	Beauchemin.	Terreux.	



Pierre Patrice, John Bruce, Bob O'Lam, Louis Riel, W. H. O'Donoghue, Paul Prud'homme, François Dauphinais, Thomas Spence.

RIEL AND HIS COUNCIL (1869-70).

For eight strife-filled months these men ruled Manitoba, the province they created.



Cree chief Big Bear, whose hungry warriors perpetrated the Frog Lake massacre in 1885.



Dumont, Riel's general, wanted to fight the easterners Indian style — Riel said no.



The Red River métis cried for justice when government surveyors parceled out their land.

SOUTH AFRICA'S KU KLUX KLAN



Race riots flare in Pietermaritzburg (above) and other South African cities as a swelling pile of Jim Crow regulations split the land.

A secret society that believes God made the white man to be boss is the real ruler of a rich country that is four-fifths colored

By ALBERT FICK

JOHANNESBURG
THE AFRIKANER Broederbond (Bond of Brothers), a secret society founded "on the Rock of Jesus" with the avowed aim of bringing about the union's "God-given destiny" — Afrikaner domination over the polyglot races of South Africa—is today the real ruler of the Union of South Africa. It counts among its members the Prime Minister, Dr. Daniel Malan, who has publicly declared that he feels better after attending Broederbond meetings; the Governor-General, Dr. E. G. Jansen; most, if not all fourteen members of the cabinet; and a good two thirds of Government MP's and heads of state departments.

The 3,500 to 4,000 *broers* (Brothers) are directing

the destinies of one of the richest countries in the world, with its 1,500,000 Afrikaners; 1,000,000 English South Africans; 8,500,000 natives (Negroes); 1,000,000 coloreds (mixed blood); 360,000 Asiatics.

The AB, as the organization is generally known, is run by a handful of ambitious men. It is ruled by a trinity, consisting of the supreme secret chief supported by two assessors who are members of the executive council of twelve members, known as the twelve apostles. They in turn are assisted by disciples drawn from various cells.

Secrecy has been a cardinal principle of the AB since it went underground in 1935. The names

of all *broers* and all their actions are supposed to be top secret. From time to time secret codes are issued, enabling *broers* to identify one another. The term Broederbond is never used; it never appears on stationery, and is not in the telephone book.

The AB has often been likened to the Ku Klux Klan, the secret society based on racial hatred which came to hideous flower in the U. S. after the Civil War. But the AB is more secretive than the Klan ever was. It has no office in its own name; it always meets in the name of one of its subsidiary groups—a church, cultural society or political party. With certain exceptions South Africans have no inkling of the identity of these men whose

decisions, made behind closed doors, influence so strongly the Dutch Reformed Church, the schools and the workings of parliament itself.

Only Afrikaners of Protestant faith may become *broers*. All English-speaking South Africans, as well as Afrikaners who support the United Party (the official Opposition) are excluded. Any form of co-operation with the English-speaking section is frowned upon by the AB. Dr. William Nicol, Administrator (governor) of the Transvaal, a prominent *broer*, though himself the product of an English-Afrikaans union, has urged Afrikaners not to intermarry with English-speakers. One Nationalist MP was manoeuvred out of parliament because he spoke English to his English wife. The AB is fighting the Boer War all over again.

New members can only be proposed by old members and must be approved by all existing members and by the twelve apostles. The initiation ceremony is said to be gruesome. The generally accepted version is that in complete darkness a corpselike body lies on a bier, wrapped in a black winding sheet on which is embroidered in letters of blood: *VERRAAD* (treachery). A bloody dagger is thrust to the hilt in the body of the "corpse." A torch throws brief flashes of light on the scene while a chaplain intones:

He who betrays the Bond will be destroyed by the Bond. The Bond never forgives and never forgets. Its vengeance is swift and sure. Never yet has a traitor escaped his just punishment.

The AB, which is "accountable to God only," was founded in 1918 as a patriotic movement to foster the use of the Afrikaans language. It came under German influence after 1933 and went completely underground two years later when General J. B. M. Hertzog, then prime minister, denounced it in parliament. It was, he said, a "secret society" whose members "sit and scheme day and night, within and without this House, and try to keep others out of their rights and try to undermine them . . . They are trying to push the English people out of all positions."

Race Hate as a Party Platform

When Hertzog warned against the AB he was not aware that prominent members of his own party and even members of his own staff were *broers*. He ultimately fell victim to the AB in 1941 when he was destroyed politically and driven into retirement with a broken heart.

A similar fate befell the late General Jan Smuts who, as prime minister in 1944, placed the AB out of bounds to civil servants. "The Broederbond," Smuts said, "is a dangerous, cunning, political, fascist organization . . . a sort of secret Star Chamber among the people."

Dramatic developments followed. Smuts dismissed W. C. du Plessis, a senior diplomat, for refusing to resign from the AB. To wreak vengeance on Smuts the AB sent Du Plessis to oppose him in his own constituency at Standerton in the 1948 general election and threw all its influence and power into the struggle. Du Plessis defeated Smuts by a small margin and became an AB hero.

There were no AB candidates as such. Du Plessis, Malan and other *broers* stood as Nationalists and fought and won the election on the doctrine of *apartheid* (rhymes with "apart-hate" and means separation of the races).

Apartheid—literally, "apartness"—exactly sums up AB philosophy. It was inspired by Hitler's Aryan and Nordic manias. South Africa had its race problems long before the Nazis emerged and the white fear of the black majority has afflicted the country since the first European colonization of the Cape three hundred years ago. But it was not until Hitler's rise to power that ambitious politicians used race hatred as a political weapon. Hitler had to create his minority problem. South Africa had it in fact.

In general, the AB idea is to ring off the Afrikaners to prevent their pollution by foreign influences. The AB's bitterest disappointment is that at least one third of the Afrikaners will have no truck with its

Continued on page 40



Gen. Jan Smuts fought the secret-society rule of the Broederbond until his death.



Sailor Malan, former RAF ace, is leading a movement to halt fanatical Afrikaners.



Prime Minister Malan (with Mrs. Malan here) is said by many to be a pliant tool in the hands of the Bond.

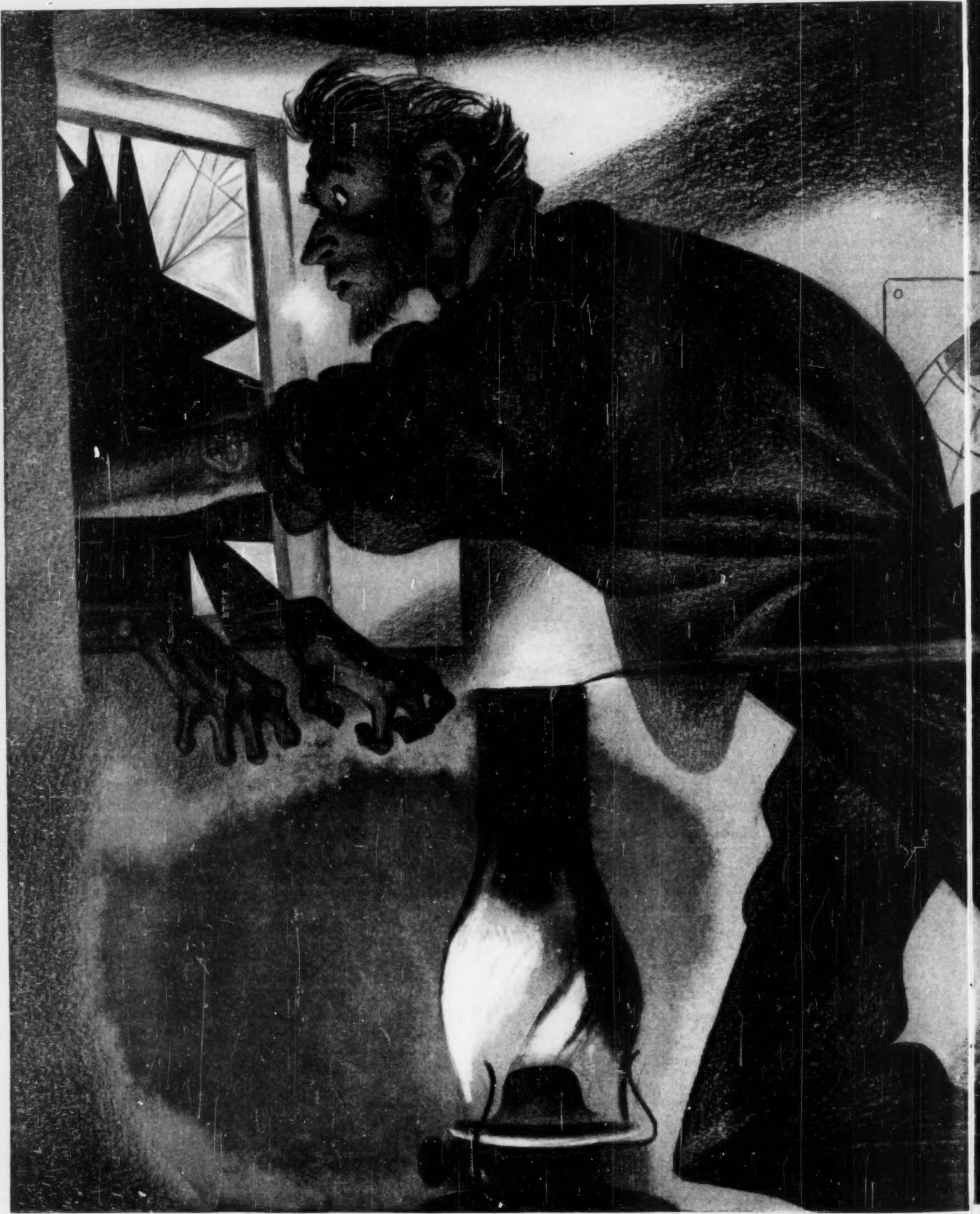
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ACCESS TO PLATFORMS
EUROPEANS ONLY.





I grabbed his head and heaved him back into the snow



BLIZZARD

IN THE BANANA BELT

The Arctic circle is an imaginary line
but it was very real to the trader in the
frozen post, so real that it
could be a thing of life and death

By FARLEY MOWAT

I LIVE BESIDE Tuktu Lake, a sterile body of green water set in the heart of the treeless immensity of northern plains called the Barren Lands. There are thousands of lakes like mine in the country around, but Tuktu has two particular distinctions that set it apart from all the rest. In the first place it boasts a two-room shack on its southern shore—an outpost home of the Great West Trading Company. The second distinguishing feature is that the Arctic circle cuts across the lake about ten miles north of the cabin. The peat-and-stone shanty, dignified by the name of a trading post, has been my home for the last four years and I have long since learned to accept its limitations. But for four long years I have been quite unable to accept the presence of that invisible boundary to the north of me. The presence of the unseen Arctic circle has annoyed me to the point where I have had difficulty in retaining my perspective about it.

If you put a pin through the map location of Tuktu Lake and draw a circle with a three-hundred-mile diameter around that point you won't enclose the habitation of another white man; nor will you enclose much of anything except a formless labyrinth of rock, muskeg and water. There may be wilder and more desolate outposts in the polar regions, but I doubt it. And yet my post isn't really in the Arctic.

Isn't it quite obvious why I should be annoyed? I put up with hardships that would drive some men mad, and I live a life as brutally difficult in the physical sense as any polar explorer ever lived, but all the same I can't legally claim to live inside the Arctic. Some slick-haired tourist can go down the Mackenzie River, first class, on a comfortable steamer and, after a few weeks of luxury travel, go home again and brag that he's an Arctic man! I can't claim as much. Because some little white-faced nincompoop in a drafting office drew an arbitrary, and quite meaningless, black line on a sheet of paper, I can't claim as much.

No doubt I live in the tropics. Ten miles inside them. Even the company treats me and my post as if things are pretty soft at Tuktu Lake. All the special efforts to fly in mail and little luxuries are expended on the men posted to places like Aklavik, which has motion pictures and electric light, but is still considered to be worthy of special care because it is about a hundred miles north of the circle proper. Down south, where I am, the mail comes in once a year by dog team, and no plane had flown over Tuktu Lake in my time.

Even this isn't the worst of it. What aggravates me most—often to the point where I can hardly restrain myself from ripping the damn map off the wall and tearing it to shreds—is the condescending way the far-northern post men speak to me when I run into them on leave. "Oh yes," they say with a sort of patronizing sneer, "you've got Tuktu, haven't you? Lucky stiff to have a southern posting. Wish I could get clear of the Arctic for a while."

It may be that I have a bit of an obsession about it all, but you can hardly blame me, and it's a harmless one. It has its uses too, for it helps to pass the time—the almost immeasurable space of time that hides behind the one word, winter.

God knows there's little enough to occupy my mind during the nine months when the world is dead beneath the snows. My only human contacts are with a bunch of inland Eskimos who come down to trade perhaps once a month in winter, and not at all in summer. They come, exchange their white fox pelts for food and

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Illustrated by Oscar



MOUNT GARIBALDI, a new park area north of Vancouver, is helping to provide year-round skiing. This is an early summer scene.

Vancouver Takes to the Hills

By LANA GILBERT

PHOTOS BY HARRY FILION

It sounds crazy, but one of the few cities in the world where you can see the skiing grounds from the city hall has only twelve days' snow a year. Which may help to explain why some people out there ski in lace step-ins

IT IS PARADOXICAL that Vancouver—a city that can expect a scant twelve days of snow a year—should be one of the few towns of its size anywhere in the world where you can see mountain ski slopes from the city hall and reach them in slightly more than an hour. The mean temperature, year in and year out, hovers a good twenty degrees above freezing and the city itself calls itself “the Evergreen Playground.” Yet Vancouver has ten thousand skiers in its midst who can, if they wish, ski twelve months of the year without straying an appreciable distance from the hearthside.

In the last few years it sometimes seems as if the entire town were taking to the hills. Three of these hills are so close to the city that the suburbs of West and North Vancouver wash part way up their flanks. They are Hollyburn Ridge, 4345 feet high, Grouse Mountain, 3974 feet, and Mount Seymour, 4758 feet. They are a fast bus ride from the business area. Indeed, one year when it snowed in town a man skied from the slopes of Hollyburn to the steps of the city hall (where he was greeted by the mayor) in two and a half hours.

A fourth mountain, Garibaldi, is thirty-three miles away in the untrammeled natural park from which it takes its name. Skiers can reach it by air or boat and thence by jeep. But you can slalom

there in July, when other people are toasting themselves on the beach.

Three chairlifts and a new road, all built in the past three years, have suddenly brought the ski slopes at three thousand feet as close as the nearest bus station. This has doubled the number of Vancouver's skiers. The citizenry now spends half a million dollars a year on ski equipment alone and phrases like "schuss booming" have become part of the West Coast argot. A handful of entrepreneurs have invested almost a million dollars in bringing skiing within reach of every man's doorstep.

Grouse Mountain, a steep, heavily wooded pinnacle, is just a forty-minute bus ride across the inlet from downtown Vancouver. It is garlanded by two ski lifts operated independently of each other. The first whisk its customers to the Ski Village, a cluster of about three hundred and fifty cabins about halfway up the mountain. The second takes over here and soars up to the Grouse Mountain Chalet, near the peak. Both ridges take twenty minutes. This means that a Vancouverite can get from his office to a snow-covered mountaintop in an hour and twenty minutes. The total cost: \$2.75 return.

The Grouse ski lifts were built in 1949 and 1950 and all this activity was too much for ski enthusiasts who swear by a neighboring plateau called Hollyburn. They formed Hollyburn Aerial Tramways and opened a competitive chairlift a year later. It's just half an hour's bus ride from the business section. The three lifts carry about fifty thousand to sixty thousand skiers each season.

Meanwhile the parks division of the B.C. Forest Service, which controls nearby Mount Seymour, built an eight-mile road which climbs thirty-two hundred feet into the snows. The bus ride takes an hour and costs \$1.50.

But about two hundred and fifty of the most enthusiastic skiers know that the best skiing lies above the timberline on Mount Garibaldi, where the runs are long, fast and spectacular, and the snow is fine, powdery and forty feet deep at Easter. At that altitude bathing suits and boots are the accepted early summer garb. By June and July it's so hot that you have to return to ski pants, jackets and caps to shield yourself from the sun. When the snow is off the other hills Garibaldi still

provides all-summer skiing for enthusiasts willing to make the trip.

The snow on the other three mountains has lasted as late as July, and Vancouver regularly makes good its boast that you can ski and swim there the same day. One enthusiast, toothpaste heir Bob Minty, skied behind Grouse in four feet of snow last June 22 while crowds basked on the beaches of English Bay. One participant in the fancy-dress race that closes the Grouse season came down the trail in black lace step-ins. The temperature on the ski slopes averages ten to fifteen degrees below that of the city. That's why the ski season roughly parallels the October-to-April rainy season down below. Skiers often line up for their bus with both skis and umbrellas.

When the normal season finally ends in the summer the three chairlifts still run until midnight for sightseers who like the view. The Grouse Mountain Chalet prepares two hundred fried chicken dinners a day at \$2.50 a plate. The Chalet is a handsome eight-room, one-suite log lodge, owned by Grouse Mountain Resorts Limited, a company which owns the top half of the mountain.

With a Flare in Each Hand

Major stockholders in this company are the Cromie brothers, Don, Sam and Pete, who publish the Vancouver Sun. The Sun operates a free ski school on Grouse to all comers over the age of ten. The turnout has been staggering—as many as twelve hundred pupils a season. Not to be outdone, rival Hollyburn started its own free school. One of the sponsors, not unnaturally, is the Vancouver Daily Province. (An accident last year on the Grouse lift made front-page headlines of flaming scarlet in the Province. The Sun's treatment was considerably more subdued.)

The Hollyburn-Grouse rivalry, now taking on the dimensions of a newspaper war, goes back more than twenty years when the city's skiers were rugged individualists, unhampered by modern ski lifts or roads. Hollyburn diehards still recall the night when one enterprising group packed an entire dismantled piano up the trail and tried vainly to put it together at the top. And then there were the days when a blond Oslo-born Viking named Fred Finckenhausen made a ritual, each New Year's

Eve, of taking a jump on Hollyburn at midnight with a railway flare in each hand.

Grouse Mountain history dates back to W.C. (Bill) Shelly, whose children came back from Switzerland and talked him into building the Grouse Mountain Chalet in 1927. Shelly, owner of the big 4-X baking chain, is a former B.C. cabinet minister and amateur magician. His chalet, with its baronial hall, stuffed moose heads, thirteen-piece orchestra and real Husky dogs (later sold to Admiral Byrd) attracted the social-page set to Grouse mountain.

In those pre-chairlift days Grouse Mountain skiing had a pioneer flavor about it and only the strongest survived. One New Year's Eve a Vancouver stockbroker named Phil Wootten drove his Chrysler up the toll road built by Shelly, to a party in the Chalet. Along with twenty-four other cars it was banked to the bonnet with wet snow by the end of the evening. For four months skiers schussed over the twenty-five buried cars but Wootten, a realist, offered his for half price, F.O.B. Grouse Mountain. He was too hasty. The purchaser drove it right off the lot, unharmed, after the spring thaw.

But incidents like this didn't help business. Shelly lost money and the property went up for tax sale in 1935. The present owners think the chairlift will save the chalet's bacon.

Old-timers, who thought nothing of struggling up the North Shore mountains with heavy packs for hours on end, sneer at the new generation of skiers who ride in comfort to the slopes, light their cabins with electricity, buy hotdogs at the foot of ski runs and watch television at the Chalet.

But there are plenty of ski slopes left for those who are made of sterner stuff. Some of the best and most spectacular runs on the continent lie just over the mountaintops in Garibaldi Park. Until about six years ago the two-hundred-and-fifty-odd people who visited the park each year had to take a forty-mile ferry trip up Howe Sound, a twenty-three-mile railway ride on the Pacific Great Eastern and a rugged thirteen-mile hike up the trail to the ski slopes.

Then a Norwegian named Ottar Branvold, his Vancouver-born wife Joan, and Ottar's brother Emil all fell in love with the park. They moved in and began work *Continued on page 49*

VANCOUVER DEBUTANTES Sue Horne-Payne and Barnie MacDonald ride the twin chairlift on Grouse Mountain near the Chalet.



GROUSE MOUNTAIN CHALET was built by an amateur magician who couldn't make it pay. Ski fever is nudging it into the black.



WHY I WORK FOR GOD



By THE REVEREND DAVID S. DUNCOMBE

Why does a man become a parson? How does he go about it? A young Protestant minister tells of the trials and triumphs that came in peace and war when he dedicated his life to his faith

ONE SUMMER evening in 1941 I overheard some of my fraternity brothers at Columbia University betting I would never be ordained. I heard three-to-one against being offered, with no takers.

Now, ten years later, I am a priest of the Protestant Episcopal Church. And I'd like to have some of that money in my parish-hall building fund.

At college in those muddled pre-Pearl Harbor days I was dubbed by the more irreverent "the Drunken Deacon"—my initials are D. D. and the adjective was a gross exaggeration of my efforts to prove even that early that a "man of the cloth" was as much a man as anyone.

Now, at my Holy Trinity Church at Hicksville, Long Island, I am called Father Duncombe, by the irreverent and reverent alike. For a year and a half I have been the vicar of this church, and I am the happiest man I know.

Half a dozen times since I was ordained I've bumped into people I used to see around before

the war, or men whom I met overseas. We'll say hello, then they'll likely break off to stare incredulously at my turned-around collar. The next thing they say is seldom the kind of remark you'd hear around my church.

It's a curious and saddening fact that when a young man enters the Church—any church, that is—most people wonder why. Somehow to them it seems a strange thing to do and they usually feel diffident about asking for the details. Yet it's happening all over Canada, the United States, and the rest of the civilized world all the time: in this single diocese of Long Island there are eighty young men in high school, college and seminary who plan to make their religion a full-time job.

It has often occurred to me that if I had been a moony or quiet youth then maybe people would think they understood why I chose the Church. So many otherwise intelligent people have an ingrained conception of "the parson" as a timid sheltered soul with heavy glasses whose main

pleasure is weak tea and buns at garden parties. But I was always fond of athletics—particularly wrestling, football and track; I smoked off and on; I enjoyed movies, dances, novels and parties in my Delta Phi fraternity; during the war I was in eighteen different countries as an ambulance driver and company aid man and got along fine with all ranks; I did five months as third cook in a Liberty ship. So a lot of people find it hard to understand how it is that I'm now called Father Duncombe, with a congregation of my own to look after and lead, sermons to preach, a church school to run, pastoral calls to make, sacred vestments, all the rest of it.

Maclean's first asked me to tell why I was entering the Church one summer night when I was enjoying a holiday at Lake Couchiching, in central Ontario. At that time I was finding it pretty tough being back at school in a seminary after the travel and action of the war years. I said, "What is there to tell?" I was *Continued on page 29*



In the African desert Duncombe drove an ambulance, did his own servicing.



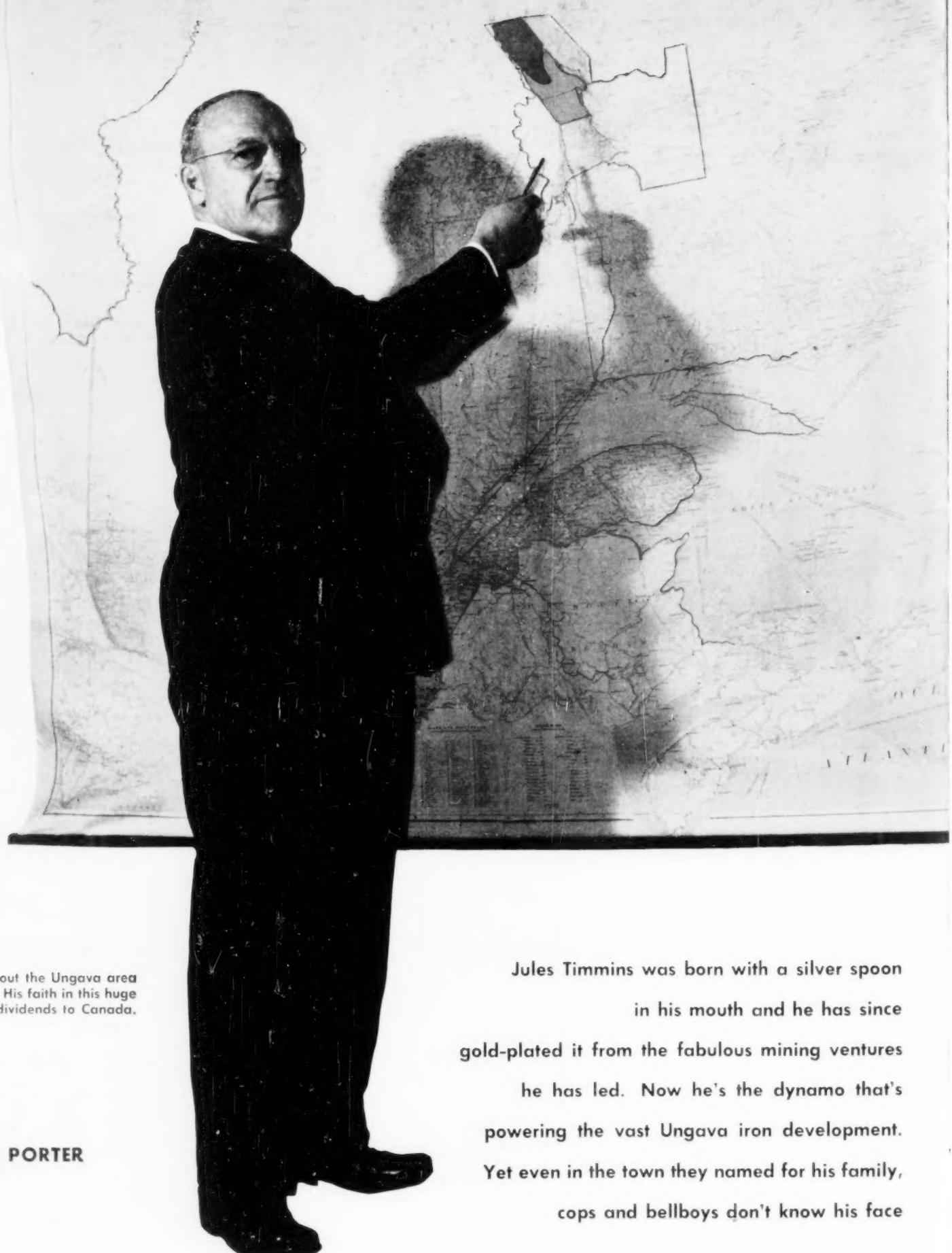
Seven-day schedule doesn't mention things like weddings, calls, social work.



Elizabeth Anne grabs for her father's biretta on steps of Holy Trinity sacristy.

Jules Timmins points out the Ungava area on a map of Quebec. His faith in this huge project will pay big dividends to Canada.

By MCKENZIE PORTER



Jules Timmins was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and he has since gold-plated it from the fabulous mining ventures he has led. Now he's the dynamo that's powering the vast Ungava iron development. Yet even in the town they named for his family, cops and bellboys don't know his face

THE SHY MIDAS BEHIND UNGAVA

TOWARD the end of November last a chunky jut-jawed cigar-toting millionaire called Jules Timmins talked about gold in Noranda, northwestern Quebec, on Sunday; about iron in Montreal on Monday; about steel in Cleveland, Ohio, on Tuesday; about copper in Toronto on Wednesday; about silver back in Montreal on Thursday; and about mining finance in New York on Friday.

He traveled nearly three thousand miles and squeezed in so many conferences that he sustained his twenty-year-old reputation at airports and railroad stations for being always the last man aboard a plane or a train. Yet, because he had managed two days in his home city of Montreal instead of the more usual one, Timmins counted it a quiet week.

Even so he'd been bustling around like this for months and felt in need of relaxation. So he telegraphed his top brass at Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines Ltd., Hollinger-Hanna Ltd., and J. R. Timmins and Co., keystones of a dozen companies over which he presides: "Am getting lost until December 16."

The executives glanced at their calendars and grinned. They knew the boss was heading for Georgia with a shotgun and would return in time for Christmas with a bag of the succulent wild turkeys he fondly describes as "the most wary game bird on the American continent."

But they kept his vacation as dark as a state secret. Promoters, knowing Timmins' hereditary willingness to listen to a promising proposal, have been known to fly a thousand miles and buttonhole him for funds while he was standing in a salmon river or crouching in a duck blind.

Gold-Crazy — Like a Fox

Sixty-three-year-old Timmins is the central figure of a large family whose holdings in Canada's mineral enterprises spread like veins through a lump of high-grade ore. Friends say jokingly he wears gold-rimmed glasses because horn rims would advertise a competitive substance. He is president, or director, of a group of mining companies which produce almost every Canadian metal, and runs his own brokerage business, J. R. Timmins and Co., on the Montreal, Toronto and New York exchanges. He sits on the board of hotel, insurance and entertainment corporations.

His two main presidential responsibilities, however, are Hollinger Consolidated, the biggest gold concern on this continent, and Hollinger-Hanna, a joint Canadian-American management firm which controls a cluster of companies now tearing the overburden off rich iron-ore deposits in the remote uplands of Labrador-Quebec at Ungava.

Aside from mining, and his wife and nine children, Timmins has only two passions—hunting and fishing. Had he wished he could have indulged his love of rod and gun to the exclusion of all else for he cannot remember what it's like to be without a million dollars. Like other second-generation millionaires he might have gone after elephants in Africa or sharks in New Zealand. He could have owned race horses, yachts and aircraft. But he's never been a playboy or a spectacular spender.

A friend once quipped of Jules Timmins: "He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and has spent a lifetime gold-plating it." But no one accuses him of avarice: The riches he inherited from his father he has dug back into Canada's muskeg and rock.

His father, the late Henry Timmins, was called a fool when he expressed his belief in the existence of Ontario silver. His uncle, the late Noah Timmins—whom Jules succeeded as president of the huge Hollinger concern—was considered crazy when he plunged the family bank roll into Ontario gold. Years later mining experts thought Jules Timmins had gone off his head when he talked of dragging iron ore through three hundred and fifty miles of bush from the bleak Ungava scrub to a tiny port called Seven Islands on the north shore of the St. Lawrence. Yet today the future of the North American steel industry, burdened with rear-

ament, hangs on the success of Timmins' audacity.

Ungava is a two-hundred-million-dollar operation which will replace the dwindling iron reserves of the Mesabi Range on the U. S. side of the border at the head of Lake Superior. It is the most potent single mining venture in the history of Canada and an illuminated chapter in the chronicles of northern conquest.

Hollinger Consolidated, which owns the deposits, and six companies led by the M. A. Hanna Co., of Cleveland, Ohio, together subscribed the first hundred million dollars. Four Canadian and nineteen American insurance companies lent them a hundred million.

The potential influence of this enormous development on industrial Canada is today beyond measure. After 1954, when a new three-hundred-and-fifty-mile railroad is completed, Ungava will feed ten million tons of iron ore a year into the voracious smelters of the U. S. steel barons. If the St. Lawrence Seaway goes through, permitting

direct shipments to U. S. Great Lakes ports, production will go up to twenty million tons a year. Not even the U. S. rearmament program will more than scratch Ungava's proved deposits of four hundred million tons. Bountiful reserves for Canada's own fledgling steel industry have been set aside and any requests from the hungry United Kingdom mills will be easily satisfied. Jobs for at least ten thousand men will last indefinitely.

W. H. (Scotty) Wilson, a magistrate in Timmins, northeastern Ontario, a city of twenty-seven thousand which grew up around the Hollinger gold mine and took its name from the Timmins family, says: "Jules is like his dad and his uncle. He's more interested in what money will do than what it will buy."

Jules' father, Henry Timmins, planted the seed which sprouted the wealth. For thirty-five hundred dollars he bought a quarter share in the La Rose mine at Cobalt, Ont., in 1903 and touched off a chain reaction which

Continued on page 36

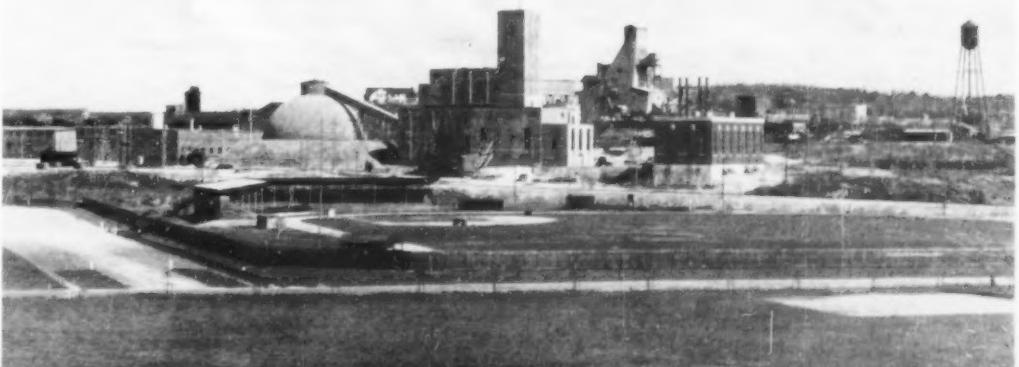


The Ungava airstrip lies between cliffs on the Moisie River. Even bulldozers are flown in there.



Burnt Creek, 350 miles inland, is head camp for the project. This photo was taken in mid-June.

The Hollinger mine at Porcupine, Ont., biggest gold concern in North America. Jules is the boss.



SHE COOKED DINNER FOR THE PRINCESS



Mrs. Colquhoun, who once had a Cadillac with her initials on the door, couldn't clean a chicken a few years ago; now is probably one of Canada's best cooks.

A Mountie guarded the entrance to Eagle Crest when the royal party was due. The Princess and the Duke stayed three days while all other guests were turned away.

Then Maria Colquhoun drove fifty miles to get mushrooms for Elizabeth's breakfast at Vancouver Island's Eagle Crest, where millionaires pay fifty dollars a day if their social standing can pass the security check

By GRATTAN GRAY



MRS. MARIA COLQUHOUN, a hearty ruddy Irishwoman who has cooked hash for miners and Scotch woodcock for Princess Elizabeth, feels she knows as much as any living person about the complicated but rewarding business of feeding people who can afford to eat anything they wish. As the chef of Eagle Crest — a Vancouver Island hostelry so exclusive that they check your social standing with your home town by long-distance phone — she spends her days catering to the appetites of the wealthy.

At fifty-three Maria Agnes Colquhoun is a big black-haired woman with a hearty laugh, a tendency to salty language and a mean hand with a salmon kedgeree. She has cooked for movie stars such as Joan Fontaine, Ann Miller, Brenda Marshall, Bill Holden, and for a variety of other

celebrities running from hotel magnate Conrad Hilton Sr. to Prince Axel of Denmark. But there were days when Maria Colquhoun herself cruised the Mediterranean in Italian luxury liners, drove a monogrammed Cadillac and entertained lavishly in a fine San Francisco apartment.

Though she's never had a lesson in cooking, and was once so green at the job she couldn't draw a chicken, she has seen service as chef in four of British Columbia's toniest caravansaries: Harrison Hot Springs Hotel, a spa in the Fraser Valley where Vancouver socialites take the waters; the Sylvia Hotel on Vancouver's English Bay where patrons are invited to Dine In The Sky; Malibu Lodge, an exclusive hideaway on Princess Louisa Inlet where guests arrive by private plane; and Eagle Crest, a lodge so rarefied it tends to make the

other three look like lunch counters. When Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Edinburgh paused for a three-day respite after their recent cross-Canada tour it was at Eagle Crest that they stayed and it was Maria Colquhoun who fed them.

At Eagle Crest the paying guests (twenty to fifty dollars a day) dine by candlelight at a long English refectory table in a baronial dining room with massive metal-studded doors, a bar of burnished copper and a Guatemalan wall panel of Aztec blue. An English butler stands stiffly at attention and hash or mulligan is never served. A great log lodge, set in three hundred acres of forest and landscaped gardens near Qualicum Beach, about a hundred miles north of Victoria, it commands a view of sea, islands and mountains.

The main lounge has a fireplace that reaches



The lodge of Eagle Crest, a millionaires' hideout, sits in 300 acres of forest and garden near Qualicum Beach. One hundred men took a year to build it.

to a twenty-seven-foot ceiling and burns seven-foot logs. The floors are of oak planking. One suite—which the Duke of Edinburgh used—has a boulder fireplace draped in tartans and a complete collection of mounted B. C. animals, as well as a collection of old Scottish weapons and firearms.

The place was built in 1936 by Senator A. D. McRae, a multimillionaire who wanted a hideout. One hundred men worked a year building it. Among other things they cleared a half mile of beach of rocks and boulders which weighed up to thirty-seven tons. The estate was bought after the senator's death by two prominent Vancouver real-estate men, E. L. Boulbee and F. S. Sweet, in 1948. They use small lodges on the property as summer residences and leave the main one for paying guests.

"The terrifying thing about feeding guests in a place like this," Mrs. Colquhoun points out, "is that they're in a position to criticize. When you're paying fifty dollars a week you expect some shortcomings. But when you're paying fifty dollars a day you just don't put up with them—you squawk."

When Eagle Crest was chosen as a royal way-point guests were given until Sept. 15 to clear out. Hundreds wrote in requesting reservations for October—the month which encompassed the royal

stay—and were refused. Eagle Crest was to be exclusively the Princess'. Mrs. Colquhoun was asked to stay on and do the catering and cooking.

"I sat down with note pad and pencil and went to work on my menus," she says. "We had no instructions about food for the Princess. But having lived in England and Scotland I had a pretty good idea."

Elizabeth's Not Crazy About Soup

Mrs. Colquhoun swiftly ordered a pound of caviar from New York and had it flown to Eagle Crest in dry ice. Then she slipped over to Vancouver, scurried about the wholesale houses and picked up some crystal sugar and pure Scotch oatmeal.

At midnight on an October Monday a phone shattered the peace of Eagle Crest. The Princess would arrive for tea Tuesday. She had not been expected until Wednesday. In blue-striped woolen pyjamas Mrs. Colquhoun padded downstairs in her bare feet to the kitchen. She put a great pot of soup she'd cooked that afternoon into the icebox to cool. Her plans for the royal meals were well laid. At 8 a.m. she was back in the kitchen skimming the fat off the soup.

"It was real good soup, too," she says. "And

economical. I used four chickens and after they'd boiled a few hours I cut off the breasts for the Princess' creamed chicken and mushrooms. I used the rest of the meat for sandwiches for the staff. Then I threw the bones back in and boiled the hell out of them. The only thing was, the Princess doesn't like soup much."

The main staples for the royal table were two twenty-pound prime rib roasts of beef and a sixteen-pound ham. They helped feed the royal couple, a lady-in-waiting, two equerries, two valets, a footman, three ladies' maids, a Scotland Yard man, as well as the Eagle Crest staff: a hostess, housekeeper, chef, assistant chef, vegetable boy, two dishwashers, two chambermaids, butler, steward, tablemaid and two gardeners. The royal visit began at teatime Tuesday and ended with Friday breakfast.

The only minor food crisis occurred over mushrooms. Mrs. Colquhoun had ordered five pounds, fresh. But the Princess couldn't stop eating them. By the time the final breakfast came along they were all gone—and she was asking for more. Late at night Mrs. Colquhoun drove twenty-five miles to Nanaimo to get another basket.

Both Princess and Duke were punctual to the minute for their meals. In fact she found the Princess penalizes

Continued on page 35



Boulder fireplace commands the main lounge. The suite Philip used had a similar fireplace draped in tartans, plus a collection of stuffed animals.



Eagle Crest housekeeper, Mrs. Ella Davies, smooths down hand-carved beds used by royal visitors. The staff was delighted by their punctuality.



Getting into the nest itself is the toughest job because there's usually a peppery young bird that must learn who's boss. Broley's hands have been pierced twice by talons.



Retirement bored Winnipeg's Charles Broley so he started banding eagles. Now seventy-two and scarred from fighting razor-clawed birds atop hundred-foot trees, he is an international authority on

HOW TO CATCH AN EAGLE

By FRED BODSWORTH

AT FIFTY-EIGHT Charles L. Broley retired after twenty sedentary years as a Winnipeg bank manager and promptly took on a job so strenuous most men would abandon it in their thirties.

That was 1938. Today, at seventy-two, Broley is lithe, steel-muscled, twenty pounds lighter, a good deal tougher, and internationally known for a hobby that demands the agility of a steeple-jack, the physique and muscular co-ordination of a trapeze artist, the courage of a commando and the scholarly research of a scientist.

Broley keeps his retirement from growing boring by studying and placing identification bands on eagles—a job which involves climbing to nests a hundred or so feet up in the sort of a treetop that only a helicopter can conveniently reach. Moreover, Broley finds his close-hand studies are usually disputed by a couple of vinegary young eagles with dispositions like Amazon head-hunters and talons like butchers' meathooks.

Broley has taught U.S. scientists more about their national bird than any man alive. Before he came along few scientists had been able to work up much enthusiasm for studying eagles.

Nevertheless Broley has climbed about two thousand trees containing eagles' nests in the past twelve years, has fought barehanded with some twelve hundred peppery young eagle nestlings and snapped government-supplied bands on every one of them—even on the one that buried four talons in his face and left him blinded by his own blood one hundred feet up in a wind-tossed pine tree.

As a banker Broley was an anonymity. Retired, he has earned a spot in a couple of U.S. biographies as the world's leading authority on eagles, has been elected one of the few Canadian fellow members of the traditionally hard-to-crash American Ornithologists' Union, and is in such demand as a lecturer that if he wished he could earn more than he ever did in a bank office. He's also, without doubt, the most actively retired businessman on the continent.

Broley is a modest non-drinking non-smoking, two-meals-a-day man who would rather talk about birds than himself. He has an impassioned love of eagles though at many times they've tried to pitch him out of their nests for a sure-death drop of seventy-five to a hundred feet. He doesn't talk much about his multitudinous scars. He's been afraid to ever since one newspaper reported he was "scared from head to foot."

He goes to Florida every winter but there the traditional retired-executive pattern ends. Florida is one of the few spots on the continent where the shotgun-peppered bald eagle is still common, and Broley has banded about eleven hundred eagles there, as well as about one hundred Canadian eagles around his summer home at Delta, Ont., on the St. Lawrence. One hundred and ten of his eagles have turned up elsewhere, some as far as twenty-five hundred miles from where they were banded. By tracing the band numbers of these recovered birds he is slowly piecing together the story of their movements and lives.

Eagle Man Broley, spry and quick-moving, with a brown and leathery face, looks much balder than the bald-headed eagle which has made him famous. (The eagle seems bald because of its white head feathers.) His wife explains: "Poor Charlie, he lost the last of his hair one day when I tried to climb a nest with him."

Born near Goderich, Ont., son of a Methodist clergyman, Broley joined the Bank of Montreal and remained with it until his retirement, in Winnipeg in 1938. Then he was suddenly confronted with the problem of what to do. Retirement, he feared, was going to be a bore, not a pleasure. He put his wife and daughter Jeanne in the car and headed for Florida.

But watching birds had been a hobby for years, so he stopped off at Washington for the 1938 convention of the American Ornithologists' Union. There he met Richard H. Pough, an official of the National Audubon Society.

Broley asked Pough if he had any suggestions that might help keep him occupied in Florida. Pough did.

The Audubon Society, Pough said, was worried about the bald eagle in Florida. There was no law protecting it at that time and the big birds were being heavily shot. Because of the difficulty of reaching their nests, little research had been done on eagles. Pough suggested Broley might seek out a few nests, keep an eye on them with binoculars and record what went on.

Then, as an afterthought, Pough took four U.S. Biological Survey bands from his pocket and handed them to Broley. "You might find a nest tree you could hire a boy to climb," Pough said. "Get him to lower the nestlings down in a bag, you band them, then be sure the boy hauls them back up safely to the nest again. Don't let the boy take any risks. They're vicious fighters."

Broley suggested four bands wouldn't last long. Pough laughed. "You probably won't find a boy with guts enough to permit you to use that many," Pough said. He warned Broley that in the pre-

vious thirty years only about seventy eagles had been banded.

In Jan. 1939 Broley located a couple of nests, made a rope ladder, hired a sixteen-year-old boy and went out to band his first eagles. He selected the easiest-looking tree and threw a weighted line over the lowest limb, fifty feet up, then hauled up the rope ladder. The boy struggled up to the big nest. The adult eagles, which Broley has discovered are never bold enough to attack intruders at their nests, circled around kaka-ing at a safe distance. But the nest contained two young eagles, full of fight though still unable to fly.

As the boy climbed onto the six-foot-wide nest one young eagle sank its talons into his hand. Broley heard the boy scream, saw him grab a stick from the nest and start beating the bird. Broley yelled at him to come back down. White and trembling, the youth reached the ground.

"I saw right then that if I was going to band eagles I'd have to do my own climbing," Broley relates.

He came back next day alone, strung up the rope ladder, put bands and pliers in his pocket, and started up. He hadn't climbed a tree since his school days. When he stepped onto the rope ladder his feet swung forward so that practically his entire weight was hanging on his arms, but somehow he reached the lowest limb. Breathing hard, his arms aching, he rested. The ground, fifty feet below, looked half a mile away. He still had another fifty feet to go. He was trembling so much it was difficult to hang on. It seemed an hour later before he reached the nest, a huge solidly built platform of sticks six feet across and six feet deep which flared out over his head like a giant bowl. How was he to get around it and onto the top?

Broley still doesn't know how he did it. But he knows now, two thousand climbs later, that this is the most difficult part of every climb.

Sitting on an eagle's nest with a couple of scrappy young ten-to-fifteen-pound eagles is like sharing a rumble seat with a couple of wildcats. There were two youngsters in this first nest. When he pulled one toward him for banding it started cutting his face with its stiff wings. One talon ripped his shirt sleeve and left a jagged wound along his arm. Another sank into the back of his left hand so deeply that when he jerked his hand back the whole bird was dragged along with it. Broley couldn't loosen the eagle's powerful grip with the fingers of his free hand. The other hand was throbbing with pain. Then he remembered his banding pliers and developed a technique he was to use many times afterward. He pried the talon out with the pliers like a dentist pulling a tooth. Broley had the first of his scars.

He has banded twelve hundred eagles since then and he still doesn't remem-



Broley starts his climb to a skyscraper eyrie. The worst fall of the Eagle Man's career came when a chair slipped in his home.

ber how he finally got the bands closed on a leg of each of these first two. He does remember he was still shaking when he got back to the ground.

"But after that, I knew I could do it," Broley says. "I worked into it gradually, selecting easy trees. Then I found my arms were getting stronger and that height didn't bother me. I learned how to grab a young eagle quickly before it could grab me. And I learned to climb a rope ladder—edge-wise, hanging on to just one of the side ropes and with a leg on each side, heel-and-toe like. I soon discovered that I was enjoying a good tough tree, the type where the first limb is eighty feet up."

Broley used his four bands in a few days and wrote Pough asking for more. Pough sent him a dozen. They lasted a week. Pough then sent him a hundred and warned, "Don't let those boys take any unnecessary risks."

"Boys!" Broley wrote back. "I'm climbing the trees myself. Today I climbed to an eagle's nest and discovered it had been taken over by great horned owls. The owl nearly knocked me out of the tree. It struck me. *Continued on page 33*



Contrary to popular belief, eagles don't kidnap babies. Mrs. Broley shows that adult birds can be almost chummy with people.

"ALL ABOARD..."

But don't get on until you've read these lively tips on how to take a trip by train



Oranges and eucalyptus will hold that seat in the day coach.

By ERIC NICOL

Cartoon by I'Amore

RAILWAY travel is old-fashioned. It's archaic. It's safe. Here's how to take a train.

We'll assume you've decided to go somewhere by rail. Now, these days you can fly almost anywhere that the train goes. This is the Age of Flight. Progress has got you by the short hairs. When you tell your friends you're going somewhere the first thing they'll say will be: "Are you flying?"

This is a question you can't just say "no" to. If you just say "no" and change the subject your friends are liable to think you're afraid to fly. On the other hand it's useless to try to explain to them this psychic knowledge you have that the airplane is out to get you and the second you set foot inside one it will blow up. Friends never understand that sort of thing. Friends want to satisfy themselves that you're an old yellowbelly, like them.

So as soon as you make up your mind to take the train you should immediately make up some

reasons for not taking a plane. Here are a few I've had varying results with:

1. To the question "Are you flying?" reply "No, I'm going by train for a change." For a change. There is no need to specify that the train will be a change from riding the streetcar.

2. "Have to think about the wife and kids." (Less effective with people who know you're single.)

3. "Want to see the wildflowers." (No good in winter, in fact not much good at all.)

4. "A friend of mine is going by train and I thought it would be fun to go with her." (To be used with caution with women friends and members of the clergy.)

Now you're ready to slink into the railway station and buy your ticket. (I myself usually buy my train tickets from a travel agency, wearing dark glasses and simulating someone from out of town by asking the way to the station.)

Comes the day of departure. You're all packed

except for the things you've forgotten. Some people believe in taking a number of small pieces of baggage instead of one or two large ones. Then, if they don't find a redcap, they can carry the small pieces to the train themselves by making several round trips. Of course if they do find a redcap the whole scheme is fouled up.

People will be coming down to the station to see you off. You can't stop them. They want to make sure you go. After you have shaken hands with everybody and said good-by and Mother has got a good weep on, the PA system announces that your train won't leave for another half hour.

The experienced train-taker is prepared for this. After the emotional peak of good-bys and with Mother still sniveling he knows he can't go back to chatter about hockey scores. He therefore cries: "My goodness, I can't find my ticket!" at the same time searching his pockets.

Soon the entire party is busy scouring the station, retracing steps to the sidewalk, and chasing down the stationmaster. In the excitement one of the children can usually be counted on to get lost, providing the bonus panic of his possibly having wandered into the yard among the rails and engines. In this way the half-hour delay passes quickly and the traveler finds his ticket, in his pocket after all, just in time to wave bye-bye.

How To Undress In An Upper

Your accommodation on the train may be either day coach or Pullman. If you have a seat in the day coach you will want to keep the seat beside you empty so you can put your feet up there later on. Peeling an orange will discourage many people from sitting beside you, but even more efficient is a handkerchief soaked with eucalyptus held to the face as other passengers pass along the aisle. Most people will get as far away from eucalyptus as the length of the train permits.

If you have space in a Pullman you must impress the porter right off as a veteran traveler who expects service. When he reaches for your bags don't wrestle with him. Also don't stand back to allow him to board the train first. Just march right on as though you were going to give him a big tip at the end of the journey.

If you have an upper berth lose no time showing who is master. Climb right into it, even though it means stepping more or less indiscriminately on the ladder, the porter's fingers and the face of the occupant of the lower. If you fall out climb back in before you lose your nerve, or your pyjamas, or something.

Also, you need have no trouble in removing your trousers in your berth. The essence of the movement is nothing more than natural body rhythm, a sense of timing and a head of teak. If you can dance there is no reason why you cannot get your pants off in a Pullman berth.

Once under way about all you have to watch is that you don't strike up a friendship with a young woman just before the dining-car steward comes through the car banging his gong. (Or, if you are a young woman, make sure you do strike up a friendship.) The price of a dinner for two in the dining car these days can cut your trip down by as much as two hundred miles.

The best time to make friends on a train is between the last call for dinner and the first call for breakfast. If for some reason a man finds himself in female company dangerously close to a mealtime, he can always spring up suddenly, exclaiming: "By George, I must send that telegram to Uncle Henry," and tool off to the men's smoker.

You may have to stay there awhile, so always carry an apple.

Getting off the train is the easiest part, provided the train has stopped. Once again you say good-by, this time to the people you've met on the train. If any of these people are female or elderly with heavy baggage, it is advisable to descend the steps to the platform stiff-legged. This will clear you for carrying your own bags as far as the station, where you can make a run for it.

Bon voyage! ★



Revolutionary New lamp

-designed for study, reading, all "close" work—
lessens risk of eyestrain

General Electric lamp research has developed a new kind of lamp bulb that gives more light with nearly perfect diffusion. It is the greatest step forward since the introduction of the inside frosted lamp in 1926.

Cabot had only one ship, The Matthew, with a crew of eight men. After leaving Bristol he circumnavigated the southern coast of Ireland and proceeded northward on some days. Then he turned westward over the unknown and stormy Atlantic. Some historians have expressed the opinion that Cabot

had only one ship, The Matthew, with a crew of eight men. After leaving Bristol he circumnavigated the southern coast of Ireland and proceeded northward on some days. Then he turned westward over the unknown and stormy Atlantic. Some historians have expressed the opinion that Cabot

Softer Shadows

The new G-E White Lamp softens shadows because the light is diffused all over the bulb instead of coming from the higher brightness spot of ordinary lamps.

Less Glare

There is less glare where any part of the lamp is exposed. The White Lamp's greater diffusion reduces reflected glare from glossy objects. Reading, sewing and other activities are made easier.



GENERAL ELECTRIC

NEW WHITE LAMP

THIS NEW KIND OF LAMP BULB spreads the light over the entire surface of the bulb. Its light is much softer and better diffused. Annoying shadows are softened — reflections from glossy surfaces are greatly reduced.

Both lighted and unlighted, this General Electric

"White" Lamp has a clean-white beauty that lasts for the life of the bulb. It's particularly desirable where any portion of the bulb is exposed — for instance, in table or floor lamps. This remarkable new lamp — in 60 watt, 100 watt and Tri-Lite — is available now wherever lamps are sold.



**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY
LIMITED**

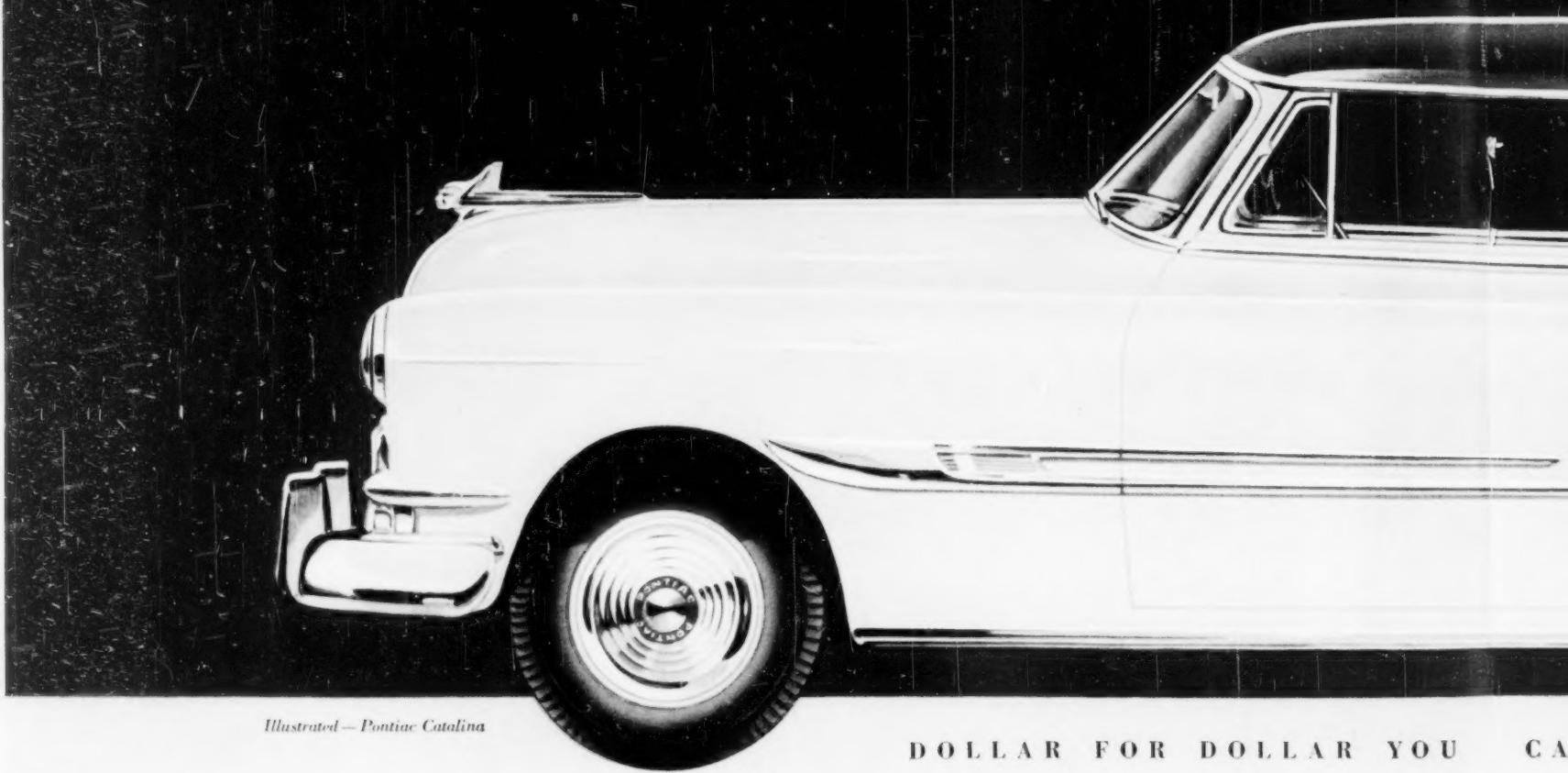
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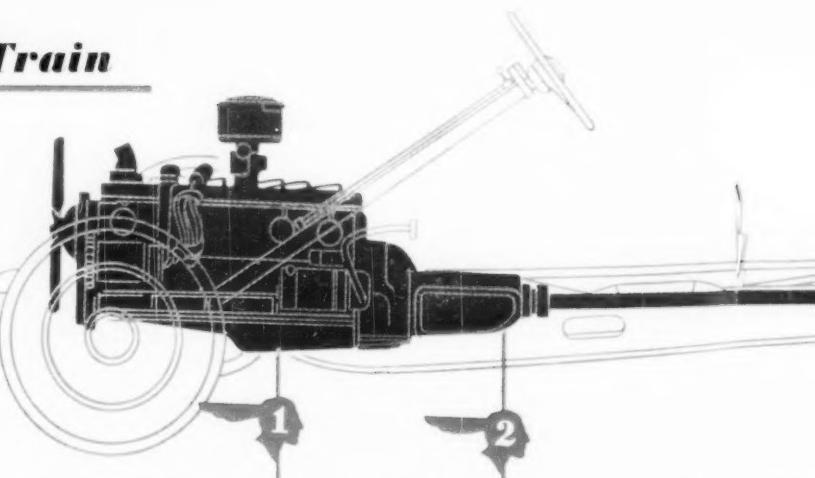
Illustrated — Pontiac Catalina

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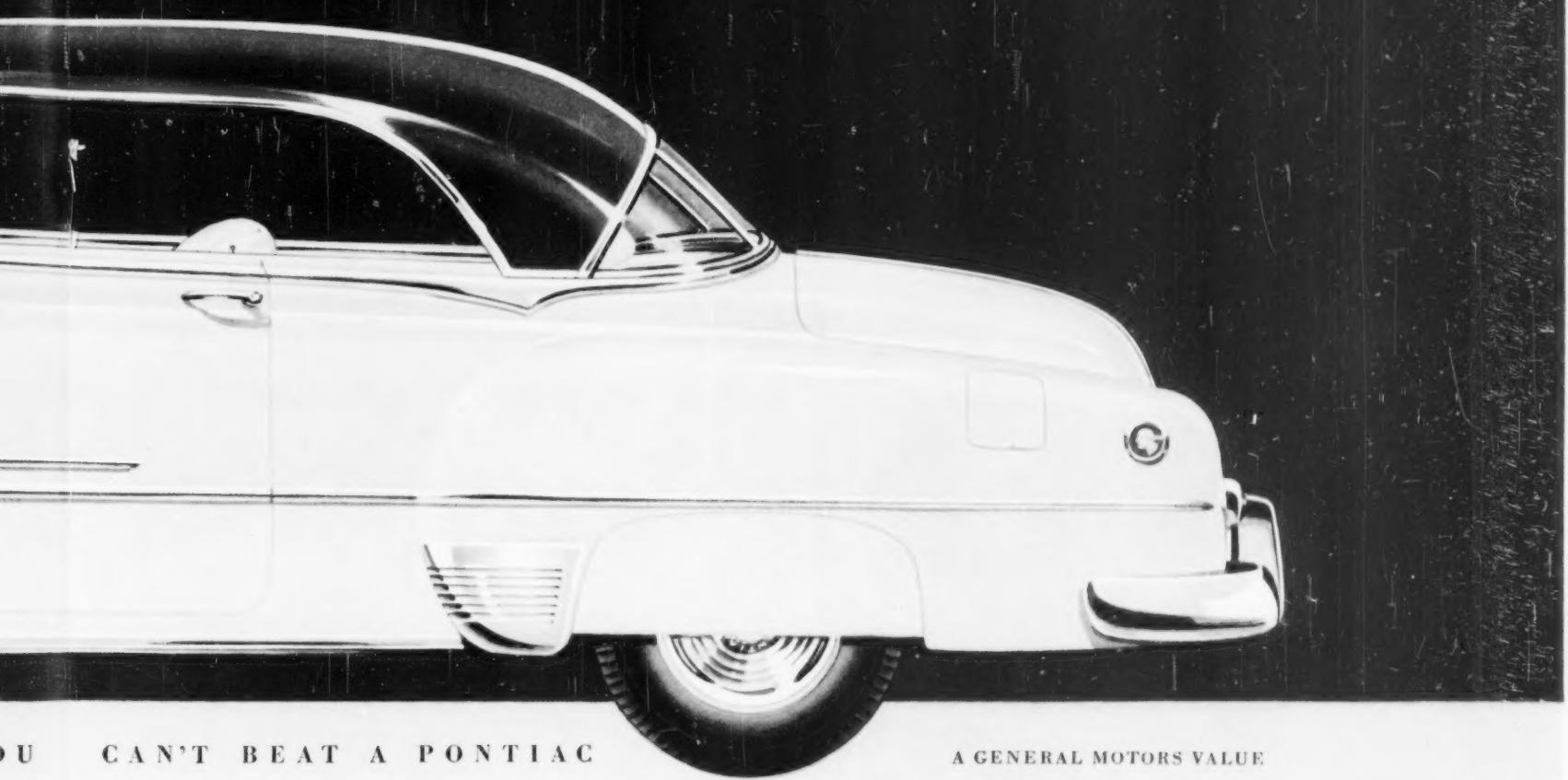


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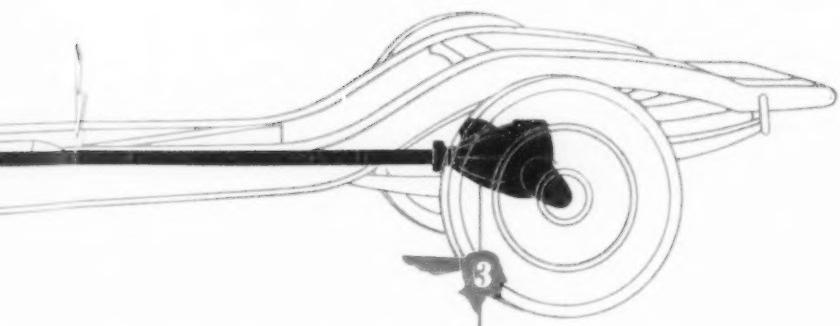
FOR an enthralling new experience in motoring pleasure and performance, see, test-drive the great new 1952 Pontiacs—just arrived at your Pontiac dealer's!

No words can fully describe the beautiful new Pontiacs in the Fleetleader and Chieftain series. Only when your own eyes have feasted on their luxurious new interiors and color harmonies will you know the full story of their beauty. And only your own foot on the accelerator can demonstrate the eager response of the high-compression Pontiac engines—for horsepower has been stepped-up on both the Pontiac "6" and the Pontiac "8".

Treat yourself, also, to a demonstration of Pontiac's spectacular new Dual-Range Hydra-Matic Drive.* Set it in Traffic Range, and feel how the high-compression engine streaks you out ahead. Then flick over to Economy Range and relax in effortless, silent riding ease.

Or, if you prefer, you can choose a 1952 Pontiac equipped with silk-smooth PowerGlide*—for Pontiac, and only Pontiac, offers you a choice of two completely automatic transmissions, combined with the new Economy Axle.

Above all, don't forget to check the price-tags on the wonderful new 1952 Pontiac line. In original cost, as in all else, you'll agree that "Dollar for Dollar you can't beat a Pontiac."



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Maclean's MOVIES

CONDUCTED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BANNERLINE: The least impressive of Hollywood's recent batch of newspaper dramas. Cub reporter (Keefe Brasselle) tangles with the underworld after publishing a phony front page which glorifies the dying hours of an old schoolteacher (Lionel Barrymore). Sally Forrest limply supplies the romance.

COME FILL THE CUP: Another newspaper yarn, crammed with hokum in the final reel but strong enough in its early phases to make it, on the whole, an item worth seeing. James Cagney is impressive as a reformed drunk who handles the city desk.

FIXED BAYONETS: Some crackling suspense in the best parts of this tough story about Korea. Its probings into the night thoughts of warriors are fairly shallow stuff, but the battles are realistic and the all-male cast happily lacks the usual comedian from Brooklyn.

IT HAPPENED IN EUROPE: A 1949 Hungarian film with English subtitles, still new to most Canadians. It deals slowly but powerfully with the bandit gangs of hungry homeless children roaming postwar Europe.

I WANT YOU: The elaborate average-family atmosphere is about as penetrating as you can find in a well-written refrigerator ad in this earnest but dodging tale about the American way of life during the Cold War.

THE MAN WITH A CLOAK: A slow and murky mystery melodrama, set in the New York of 1848. Its characters include an inscrutable poet (Joseph Cotten), a terrified mademoiselle (Leslie Caron), a sinister housekeeper (Barbara Stanwyck), and a philosophical bartender (Jim Backus).

THE MOB: Broderick Crawford's zest and skill are valuable ingredients in this lusty hard-boiled whodunit. He appears as a police detective who prowls, incognito, among various lawless elements while solving the murder of a brother cop.

MR. DRAKE'S DUCK: A fetching situation, centring around an English farm-yard fowl which lays atomic eggs, gets less than top-drawer treatment in an uneven British farce starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Two or three moments, though, are quite amusing.

MR. IMPERIUM: Ezio Pinza as a king in disguise, Lana Turner as a hillbilly tramp who becomes a movie star, in an arch and bumbling musical romance.

MY FAVORITE SPY: If you're not already a Bob Hope enthusiast you won't likely be converted by this, his latest King Lear slapstick. It's about espionage in Tangiers, with Hope in a dual role and Hedy Lamarr lounging woodily around in her decorative fashion.

SCANDAL SHEET: Busy Broderick Crawford again, this time as the ruthless editor of a tabloid who accidentally kills his castoff wife and then has to commit a real murder in covering up. His own star reporter (John Derek) goes to work on the case, and there is fine dramatic irony as well as a bit of nonsense in the way the story develops.

THE WELL: The sudden smoothing over of race prejudice at the climax of this interesting yarn is a little too quick and slick for complete plausibility. In the main, however, it's a forceful and moving suspense story about the suspected killing of a baby who, as the audience knows all along, has merely fallen down a hole in an open field.

GILMOUR RATES

Across the Wide Missouri: Redskins vs Clark Gable & Co. Fair.
An American in Paris: Musical. Tops.
Angelo: Italian drama. Good.

Blue Veil: Drama. Fair.
Bright Victory: Drama. Good.
Browning Version: Drama. Excellent.

A Christmas Carol: Dickens tale. Fair.
Close to My Heart: Drama. Fair.

Day the Earth Stood Still: Planetary space drama. Excellent.
Decision Before Dawn: War spies. Fair.
Desert Fox: War drama. Fair.
Detective Story: Crime. Excellent.

Force of Arms: Love and war. Good.
He Ran All the Way: Crime. Fair.
Jim Thorpe, All-American: True-life sports drama. Good.

Lavender Hill Mob: Comedy. Excellent.
Let's Make It Legal: Comedy. Poor.
Little Egypt: Comedy. Fair.
Lost Continent: Adventure. Poor.
Love Nest: Comedy. Fair.

People Against O'Hara: Crime. Good.
People Will Talk: Drama. Good.
Pickup: Marriage drama. Fair.
A Place in the Sun: Drama. Tops.

The Racket: Crime drama. Good.
Red Badge of Courage: War. Excellent.
The River: India drama. Excellent.
Saturday's Hero: Campus drama. Good.
7 Days to Noon: Suspense. Excellent.
A Streetcar Named Desire: Drama for adults. Excellent.

Ten Tall Men: Adventure. Okay for kids.
Texas Carnival: Musical. Fair.
When Worlds Collide: Fantasy. Poor.

Why I Work for God

Continued from page 17

just a young man struggling from a late start to fit himself for a job that was still uncertain and remote to him. Now, though, now that I am a priest, now that I have felt this curiosity of people, even long-time friends, about why a man goes into the Church, I think there is something to say.

I don't regard myself as a shining example, or feel I represent the best, or worst, of the thousands of young men who each year become priests, rabbis, ministers, pastors in any of the sadly divided churches that believe in the exciting idea of a real and present God. But if I put down here as simply as I can the things in boyhood and manhood that led me where I am, then, I hope, it will add up to an answer to the questions of how and why. And, too, it might break down some small part of the barrier a lot of people think separates them from "the parson."

My job averages about sixteen hours a day, seven days a week. It pays three thousand dollars a year with a free house (we pay for the utilities and for the car I use constantly). It demands all my physical, mental and spiritual strength.

Under the Desert Moon

My God is an old-fashioned God; my relationship with my God is an old-fashioned relationship. I've been aware of both for nearly all of my thirty years. By that I mean I have been conscious of God as a perfect personal friend, an ever-loving and ever-understanding Father, present in every thing, place and person. In all my doubts this never changed; my doubts rose from my frequent disbelief that I was worthy of serving Him. My awareness of my God's presence in my mortal life is now continuous and certain but I can remember times when that awareness came sharply into focus.

When I was an ambulance driver in the Middle East, for instance, I would often sit on the cab roof at night when things were quiet. There was no movement among the New Zealand infantry to whom I was attached, except far off the careful pacing of a perimeter guard. The brilliant desert moon threw all the shapes of trucks, artillery squads, maybe a tank or two, into sharp and bizarre relief. The slit trenches were ink marks in code against the sand. The echoes of recent battle were lost in the maze of silence. As I sat, my cigarette carefully cupped in my hand, I felt that I was just a spark of life in God's great kingdom and my heart would fill with peace and humility.

Please don't see mystical "calls" in any of this. Moments like these must have come to thousands of men: there has never been the slightest scrap of drama in my relationship with God. I mention them because, through such moments, I've come to an increasingly personal relationship with Him. Remember, too, that I was a postulant at the time—that is, I had declared my desire to take holy orders in the Episcopal Church and was under the guidance of a bishop—and the milestones along the road of my spiritual growth were very real to me.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. When I was three my family moved to Briarcliff Manor, a pleasant hilly wooded village in Westchester County, thirty-two miles from New York City. I had an elder sister, Caroline; my brother John came later. My father was with a fire-insurance firm on Wall Street and still is; my mother taught in the local public school and still does.

The only thing in those very early years that could have had any part in shaping my career were my maternal grandfather's fire - and - brimstone lectures. He's a wonderful old man, still belaboring the devil at ninety-two. When we have a family get-together these days my mother makes sure we don't get arguing theology. She's afraid my "modern outlook" will scandalize Gramp. Actually we are more in agreement than she thinks.

I had no regular church life right through to my early high-school days. And maybe *this* was a factor in my choosing the Church: in those years of not being pressured to attend services I became genuinely interested in a practical kind of boy's religion and began to find a real comfort and help in saying my prayers. I wasn't always prompted by the best of motives. I can remember one time I badly wanted some cash—five dollars, to be exact. I was standing at the window of my upstairs bedroom, looking out at the rainy fall day. I prayed as hard as I knew how for that money. Then I decided to take my dog Chipits for a walk. To my happy amazement I found a five-dollar bill crumpled in the gutter a few steps down the hill. And I thanked God most fervently. I should add quickly, perhaps, that my complete belief in the power of prayer is no longer founded on the coincidental gratification of any materialist want, and yet again, it *was* an answer.

It was a serious illness that brought me first to the Episcopal Church. In my freshman year at high school I suffered a ruptured appendix. It was nip and tuck for a while and when the doctors told my family I was going to get well they went to church in thankfulness on Easter Day—to the Episcopal Church about a mile from our home. When I recovered I went to a service or two with them there and was impressed with the color and pageantry of the service; in that church I felt distinctly nearer to God. In the following fall my dad and I were confirmed together.

Very soon after, when I was sixteen, I announced, practically out of a blue sky, that I was going to be a priest. I've got more than a suspicion now that, like many sixteen-year-olds, I was trying to win some prestige to hide my adolescent blots. After boarding school I went on to an arts course at Columbia University in 1939. In the summers I worked as a counselor at a boys' camp in the Adirondacks.

It was while I was at college that I first felt my declared vocation set me apart a little. I noticed after a while that I wouldn't be asked to join certain of the apparently inevitable college frolics. Or that, on the contrary, certain types would deliberately be as coarse as they could manage when I was around. It's interesting how a man's own religious insecurity is often reflected quite unconsciously in the way he behaves.

In the summer of 1941, when I was twenty and a pretty uncertain postulant, the war caught up with me. Almost overnight I knew I should be doing something about it. In a rather odd way this realization of my personal involvement in the war matured side by side with a deep-planted doubt that I was really meant for the priesthood after all. I couldn't see locking myself up in some sort of an ivory tower, studying to equip myself to preach love in a world of hatred and tragedy. Before the fall term got under way I decided to quit college and go up to Toronto to enlist in the British forces.

I was pretty stirred up about it all, but got talked out of it—remember, I was twenty.

I wasn't back at college more than

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a month or two, though, when I knew it wasn't going to work out. Then I heard about the American Field Service, an organized group of volunteers who were going to the Middle East for the British Red Cross to be ambulance drivers in the Western Desert. I went straight downtown and signed up.

Once again I went into a period of years when my religion became just a regular normal part of life, not a fixed destination or an iron-clad career; when I was freed of the considerable mental pressure, the introspection, the atmosphere of "multiplying holiness" that worries a lot of postulants.

I arrived in Egypt in March 1942 and served as ambulance driver with the English, Australians, Indians and New Zealanders, first in Syria and then from Alamein to Tripoli. Among a double row of ration decorations I've got the Africa Star with 8th Army clasp.

At Alamein one thing I learned in college stood me in good stead. My track coach had worked patiently with me to develop a short sprint to use as a race-winner after a half-mile run

—it's a trick of mentally reserving a certain amount of energy and wind, to be produced on demand. On this particular day Rommel was doing his best to throw Monty's coming offensive off balance and artillery and dive bombers on sneak raids were making our lives miserable. I had parked my ambulance in a little *wadi* and was climbing out when I looked up into the scream of a Stuka. He was headed dead centre on the big red cross on my bus. I saw some slit-trenches about twenty-five yards away and, snapping on that last-minute sprint, I hit out. The Stuka was pulling out of its dive and the bomb was on its way as I leaped into the trench. I landed on the back of a long Australian. The bomb blast tore the back out of my shirt and a bomb splinter nicked the back of my hand. The Aussie grabbed his kidneys, which must still bear the imprint of my hobnails, and yelled, "Jesus Christ!" I'm quietly proud I still had enough wits left to say, "No. Just Duncombe the Deacon."

When my year's stint with the AFS was up I was supposed to return to the States but I liked the men I had met in the desert war and I tried to infiltrate the New Zealand Division. A sympathetic quartermaster gave me a Kiwi battledress and peaked hat, even a paybook, but when headquartermen back in Cairo heard about it they said, "No," politely and firmly.

I had missed my planned accommodation back to New York and while hanging around in Alexandria I got the chance to ship aboard the Liberty ship James Duncan, then working the Mediterranean with troops and supplies. I was with her as third cook from April 1943, through the invasion of Sicily, until we reached New York in October.

Just after Christmas I was inducted into the U.S. Army, which was mostly a bore after the free-and-easy atmosphere of the Middle East. To start with, I spent the first five months learning how to pick up a stretcher to numbers, with all the boot-camp instructors eyeing my foreign ribbons suspiciously. I finished up as aid man with an infantry company for the last days in Germany, then went up to Norway with the occupation forces.

The men I met during the war were very important in my decision on my life's work. A lot of them came from places I had never heard of, many of them were loudly agnostic, some foul-mouthed in bravado, some secretly prayerful, some homesick, and some in perpetual terror. Some of them had some part of all these things. But they



were not the lost creatures who lurch through the novels of Norman Mailer, James Jones and others. The brutality of war will bring out the brute in any man, but in many unpublicized ways it can bring out the best, too. One way is in brotherhood or comradeship, if you like. I had a tremendous feeling of kinship with the men I met in the war and was continually delighted at the willingness with which men of different nations, different religions, different color, would work together and try to understand each other in the common aim of victory. In peacetime their governments were snarling over boundaries, tariffs, markets and spheres of influence.

The knowledge that all kinds of men could work together in harmony for a common goal helped me, I'm certain, to believe there is always hope they will work together when the way is shown to achieve the greatest victory of all—to live together in peace, trust and friendship.

In December 1945 I was shipped back home and discharged. Immediately the old doubts returned. I suppose it was the letdown of civilian life after four years of action and travel, but the thought of doing something that would show concrete results, today, tomorrow, still dogged me. I returned to Columbia and centred my courses around the alternative idea of schoolteaching. But, by the time I graduated BA in Jan. 1947, I was again sure only actively working for my religion could give me the chance of a worth-while life.

Prayers For a Landlord

That was when Pat stepped in. She was the daughter of Capt. Eliot Warburton, director of the United Kingdom Office of Information at Ottawa during the war years. Her mother was American. She was at the New York School of Social Work when I first met her and we became engaged shortly before she got her MS. In Feb. 1947 she rejoined her family in London and in June I joined her there for the marriage.

Pat came with me that fall when I entered the Seabury Western Theological Seminary, at Evanston, Ill. We set up house in two attic rooms in a suburban home at twenty dollars a week rent. I got busy making the place habitable—such things as moving a wall at the top of the stairs to make a larger living room-bedroom. After six months the owner of the house inspected the improvements and decided he could perhaps do better than twenty dollars. I was financing my seminary education on the GI Bill of Rights plus what Pat was earning as a social worker in Chicago, and couldn't afford

economic and social problems because I couldn't see how a man could lead others anywhere without even recognizing the obstacles in the way. For that matter, I still can't. But the project soon fizzled out and I was an outcast to some of my classmates. Again my charity was sorely taxed.

That first year wore me to a frazzle and when summer vacation finally came round Pat and I bought one of those tiny Crosley station wagons that you gas up with a hypo and set off for Toronto where a guy I had met in the Middle East was living. We called the Crosley "Bildad." There's often mock argument among divinity students about who was the smallest man in the Bible—Bildad the Shu-hite, or "The Centurion who slept on his watch." If you can work out the pun in the first-named you'll know how big our car was.

We took a cabin for a few days on Lake Couchiching with our Canadian friends and had a forgetful time swimming, canoeing, dancing, yarning and campfire singing. And this holiday was one of the things that firmed my resolve to carry on to the priesthood. Out of the "hothouse," among old friends from those very important wartime days, proudly showing off my wife and confidently defending my faith, I came a good step nearer a happy and practical concept of the job I could do.

We went back to the seminary happy and secure and two years later I graduated. Only sad thing that happened was that Bildad got run over by a Nash.

Amid the Drone of Jets

In the Episcopal Church graduation from seminary or failure to graduate doesn't automatically mean either acceptance or rejection by a candidate's sponsoring diocese. In either case he goes before his bishop's standing committee; if the committee and the bishop are satisfied, he qualifies for ordination.

Bishop James DeWolfe of Long Island, who had been my guide and my friend, accepted me. Within ten days of graduation I was ordained deacon and assigned to Hicksville's Church of the Holy Trinity.

Until a landscape gardener called Levitt got the idea of building a city of mass-produced houses with built-in television, Hicksville was just a village off the Grand Central parkway, centre of a three-hundred-year-old potato-growing community. Now Levittown has all but devoured Hicksville with ultramodern food fairs, community centres, halls, playgrounds, swimming pools and miles of circled, crescented avenues. In the last three years the population of the area has climbed from ten thousand to forty thousand.

Set almost plumb centre in this beehive (the new Grumman jet-plane plant supplies the drone) is the white clapboard of the seven-room rectory and the adjacent church of the Holy Trinity Mission. It's called a mission because, although it's been established for more than fifty years, it has not yet been incorporated as a fully self-supporting parish. With much the same feeling as a new office boy turning up for his first day at work I moved in on June 23, 1950. I had just turned twenty-nine.

I mentioned earlier that a lot of people seem to find it hard to understand why a man enters the Church. And I think some of the reason is that they find it hard to work out "what he does for a living." Sure, they'll say, there's a sermon on Sunday, babies to christen, things like that . . . But

Continued on page 12

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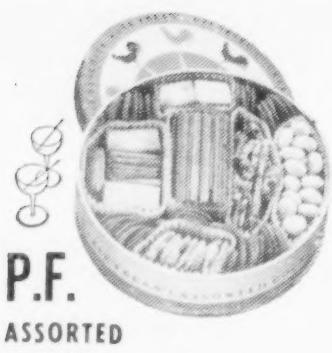
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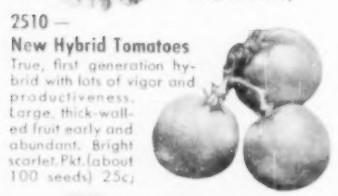
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Continued from page 30
what do you do the rest of the time? After I had been formally ordained deacon and taken charge of my twenty-square-mile area I found that for me "the rest of the time" was up to eighteen hours a day of plugging.

Over the last ten years Holy Trinity has had five different priests and, naturally, things were pretty much upside down. There had been no resident pastor for five months. While Pat got to work setting our first home to rights I pitched in, first to find out just who were in the congregation. This meant calling on more than one hundred families loosely listed in the existing records. Some of them had moved away years ago; others had lost interest. It was often discouraging.

But I did have fun on some of those first calls. At one new home in Hicksville a woman opened the door to me and then, although welcoming me, made frantic gestures behind her back. I looked over her shoulder and couldn't help laughing at the efforts of two men (her husband and father) to shove a beer keg into the refrigerator. Vegetables, fruit, cans, pop bottles were spilling out around their feet. They rammed the door on the keg, but there was no hope of it closing. By this time I was in the vestibule.

"Why don't you calm down and pour me one?" I asked.

With sighs of relief they let go the door, caught the keg as it fell forward, and fell over themselves getting glasses. I had arrived in time for their housewarming.

I'm sure the fact that I can enjoy a glass of beer on a hot day has very little to do with it, but that whole family, including the in-laws, are among my church's staunchest supporters today.

The Lord Being My Helper

After I had called on every name on the list, or tried to, I found I had crossed off a good half of them. Then I got a big county map, taped it up on the study wall, broke my area into four sections with the church as hub. Using glass-headed pins I marked the homes of my congregation such as it was. This showed me at a glance where I should concentrate my efforts. I card-indexed the whole lot, too, using colored tabs to tell me when I had paid my last call on the family, if they were regular communicants, all their anniversaries.

At first I spent most of my time getting to know the regular core of worshippers, trying to encourage likely people into the church organizations, and in tackling the problems of keeping Holy Trinity afloat financially. My yearly budget is nine thousand dollars. My salary comes out of that, also contributions to missions and to the general overhead of the diocese. This leaves close to forty-five hundred dollars for my church. To pay off the mortgages still owing on the church and rectory I need around ten thousand dollars. As a start toward that I pay back ten percent of my salary into the church treasury as a fixed tithe. As we have no other source of income you can imagine that Pat works near-miracles in keeping us clothed, fed, and ahead of the gas company.

Six months after I got started at Hicksville I was ordained priest by Bishop De Wolfe. When the Bishop asked me in the ordered fashion if I would devote my life to God's work and I answered, "I will so do, the Lord being my helper," my mind flashed back fourteen years to my adolescent boast that I was going to be a priest. Can a man feel humble and proud all at the same time? That's how I felt,

A POET PERPLEXED



REVERSE ENGLISH

A very strange thing I just found . . .

The sun and moon are turned around.

The moon comes out at dark of night,

When we really need a brighter light,

And then the sun comes in the day,

When all the dark has gone away.

—L. G. MENDERSHAUSEN, JR.

alphabet from Banashefski, Fuchs and Gibson to Herdina, Mackenzie and Yaw appeared in my current file, attendances picked up, the church organizations—vestry, altar guild, women's auxiliary, young people's fellowship, the church school and its PTA—began to show real life, and I began to get ideas about expanding the parish hall. At the time of writing my charge has increased to two hundred and thirty-five families; my total congregation to more than five hundred.

If a parson should ever feel a small success going to his head something will usually happen to bring him down to earth.

Once when I was baptizing the child of a family the church usually sees only at weddings and funerals I asked the required question: "Hath this child been already baptized, or no?"

"Heck no!" said the father. "Whaddaya think we brought her here for?"

Another time I was celebrating Holy Communion and in the act of administering the chalice I came to a woman who had a young child at the rail with her. I gave the woman the chalice, saying: "The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ which was shed for thee . . ." Whereupon the child piped up: "Is it really blood, mummy?" Afterward I made my first attempt to explain the doctrine of the Real Presence of the Body and Blood of Christ in the Blessed Sacrament to a four-year-old child. It wasn't easy.

In my study I've got a collection of cartoons about parsons and their sermons, of which my favorite shows a tycoon shaking hands with the minister outside the church and saying: "I don't get here as often as I should, Reverend, but I frequently catch your stuff on the radio." My "stuff"—the Sunday morning sermon—is my toughest single chore.

Came a Tinkling Symbol

I write it on Friday on a battered Remington, often with my daughter and my dog Ranger both trying to get into my lap. It should be easy, telling what is traditionally called "the greatest story ever told." But what is not so easy is to take those very simple yet devastatingly complete truths related by the Apostles so long ago in a very different age and show my people that they are just as true and vital today.

One Friday recently I was trying to get my sermon down on paper and I had made a start with the quote, "Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling symbol." Then my phone rang. It was a friend of the church who works in the office of the Yankees' ball club. He told me he had got it fixed for twenty-five kids and two adults from the parish to see the homecoming game the next afternoon on a pass. Could I round up the gang in time?

For the next two hours I did nothing but telephone: Who could spare the time to help drive five carloads of children to the city, get them all safely on the subway and home again? Which of the children in our big brood were first in line for a treat? How much money would they need—at least one coke and one hotdog per head? My own hopes for a comparatively lazy Saturday flew out the window.

In the midst of this the front doorbell of the rectory sounded and Pat called me into the living room to meet a spry old widower of seventy-two who had brought along his sixty-nine-year-old prospective bride to meet me. Clearing my mind of sermons and soda pop I got busy arranging their ceremony. ★

How to Catch an Eagle

Continued from page 23

from behind and tore the right shoulder of my shirt off, leaving the marks of all eight claws on my back and arm."

Pough began shaking in his boots. He's had a guilty conscience and has been trying to stop Broley ever since.

Broley banded forty-four eagles that first season. Three months later eyebrows were raised in Washington when one of his eagles was shot at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., eleven hundred miles away. Soon a second Broley eagle was shot on the Atlantic coast eight hundred miles north of Florida. Previously it had been believed the eagle spent its entire life in its nesting area. Here was evidence that southern eagles migrated northward in spring.

Broley began to find retirement was interesting after all. The following winter he amazed U.S. ornithologists by banding seventy-three Florida eagles. That year he bought a summer home on an island near Delta, Ont., and became as migratory as his birds—banding Ontario eagles in summer and Florida eagles every winter.

In 1941 he banded seventy-nine. In 1942 his total rose to a hundred and six. His biggest year was 1946 when he put bands on a hundred and fifty eagles.

Wartime travel restrictions threatened to keep Broley out of Florida. U.S. government and university scientists pleaded with Ottawa to allow him to continue. Roger Tory Peterson, a leading U.S. ornithologist, said: "To Broley goes the distinction of adding more to the knowledge of our national bird than any man living." And Dr. Arthur A. Allen, of Cornell University: "Broley has found out more about the eagle than the rest of us

ever dreamed of." Broley was granted a special travel permit.

He is now much more widely known in the U.S. than in his native Canada. At Tampa, the city of one hundred and twenty-five thousand people where he spends his winters, he frequently receives fan letters addressed simply: The Eagle Man, Tampa, Fla. He delivers about fifty lectures a year illustrated by movies, mostly to U.S. audiences. On his way south in Nov. 1951 he was solidly booked for a lecture tour. For his return trip this spring he is already booked for five lectures in Philadelphia. Yet his first Toronto address wasn't delivered until the fall of 1951.

Broley has some hair-raising stories to tell. Because bands slip from the legs of birds not yet fully grown, he has to wait until the young eagles are full size with a wingspread of six or seven feet, a weight of up to fifteen pounds, and a temper to match. Their talons, with a grip much more powerful than a man's, are their most vicious weapon. Several times Broley has had a talon pierce completely through his hand. He can't wear gloves or a mask because they interfere with climbing and vision.

One eagle once got a grip on Broley's left hand with all four talons of one foot. One talon had gone deeply into the back of his hand and its curving point protruded an inch from where it entered. Broley spent five minutes trying to loosen it. In his struggles he bent over too closely and the eagle grabbed his face with its free foot. Broley was suddenly blinded with blood, swaying dizzily in the top of the one-hundred-foot pine. He was sure for a minute that one of his eyes was pierced.

Fortunately the talon was imbedded

Continued on page 35



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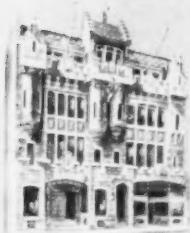
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IN ALL THINGS
IS THE BEST OF RULES"

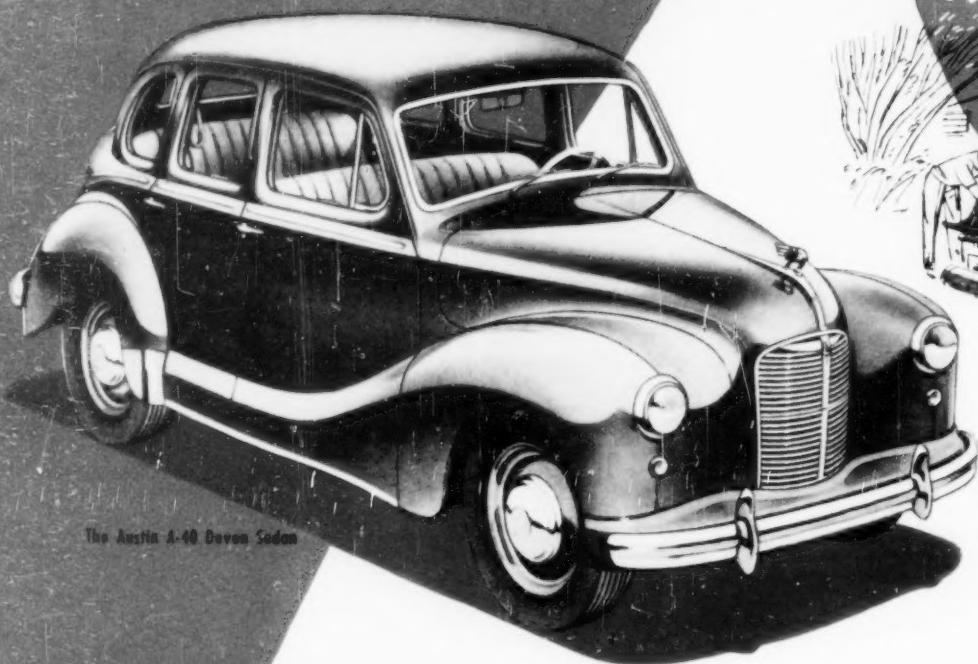
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THE HOUSE OF
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Austin
OF ENGLAND



The Austin A-70 Hereford Sedan

Continued from page 33
in an eyebrow. The others were in his cheek and jaw.

In severe pain and partially blinded, Broley isn't sure how he fought out of that predicament. It took him about fifteen minutes, he recalls, and he was dizzy and weak when it was over. But before he left the nest he grabbed the same eagle again, banded it, and another eagle that was in the same nest.

"I can say with authority that an eagle's talons have a spread of about seven-and-a-half inches—about the same as a man's hand," he declares. He points to the scar above his eye, to the others on his jaw. "There's seven-and-a-half inches between them," he says.

Broley had a worse experience on a later occasion. He was standing on a dead limb looking over the top of a nest. The tree was swaying in a strong wind. There was one young eagle in the nest and when Broley pulled it to him it flipped over quickly so that both feet, talons extended, were sticking up in the air. Broley was afraid to shift his weight quickly because of the dead limb. Before he could move the eagle had a firm grip on both his hands. Broley's pliers were in a hip pocket but he couldn't move either hand to reach them. With both hands held fast, he squirmed up onto the nest to get his weight off the dead branch. With every move the eagle dug its talons in more deeply. Slowly Broley pulled his hands together so that he could reach one with the other. Then, with his stronger right hand, he gradually worked the talons out of his left hand. He was then able to reach and use the pliers to release his right hand.

"My love affair with eagles," Broley says, "is a one-sided affair. It's unrequited as far as the eagles are concerned."

Broley has had only two bad falls. Last year in Florida he erected a blind of chicken wire and canvas to get movie shots of adult eagles at a nest. There was no limb on which to place his hide-out so he suspended it in mid-air, seventy-five feet up, from a limb above. Inside he had a narrow board, on which he sat.

One Way to Get a Waistline

Adult eagles rarely return to their nests if they think anyone is in the vicinity. Broley left the blind empty for three weeks to get the eagles accustomed to it, then returned one morning at dawn intending to slip into it unobserved—eagles are always away fishing at that time of the day. But he found that the young eagle had fallen out during the night and was on the ground beneath. By the time he got the youngster hauled back up into the nest its parents had returned highly disturbed. Broley entered the blind anyway, hoping the eagles would forget him. From 8 a.m. until 4 p.m. he waited, seated uncomfortably on his swinglike seat. About four, he discovered one of the eagles had flown in from behind him and was feeding the youngster on the nest just twenty feet away. Broley shifted quickly to start his movie camera and this broke the wire on which one end of his seat was suspended. Broley dropped, turning a backward somersault in mid-air. Five feet below was a dead branch. He hit it with his side. It broke. But the blow threw Broley against the trunk of the tree and a moment later he realized he was clinging for dear life to the tree trunk.

Broley's other fall was under different circumstances. After banding more than one hundred eagles one year without mishap, he slipped from a chair



while putting his banding equipment away on a closet shelf and knocked himself unconscious. He claims it's the most serious accident in his banding career.

The Eagle Man's system of reaching nests combines many of the tricks of a steeplejack with a few unique dodges of his own. He carries about sixty pounds of rope ladders and other equipment, sometimes to nests four or five miles from the nearest road, across sand-dune country infested with rattlesnakes or through cypress swamps.

With a slingshot he fires a one-ounce lead weight, to which a tight fishline is attached, over the lowest limb—sometimes seventy-five feet above ground. The weight drops to the ground drawing the fishline with it. With this he hauls up a clothesline, then a seven-eighths-inch rope, then his rope ladder. Sometimes he has to carry up several shorter rope ladders to span gaps between limbs.

One cypress has its nest a hundred and fifteen feet above ground and has so few limbs on the way up that Broley spends three and a half hours climbing it. He has lost as much as seventeen pounds in a single week's banding.

Between seasons he keeps in shape by chinning the bar. "I go into training until I can manage fifteen chin-ups easily, then I know I'm ready for another season."

His climbing prowess is almost legendary. From coast to coast scaling a tree with a rope ladder has become known as "doing a Broley."

A couple of years ago a movie photographer was sent to Delta from Ottawa to get pictures of him at work. Broley took the photographer and two assistants to a tree that had a nest about ninety feet up. The photographer announced he intended to climb up and get shots of Broley with the eagles in the nest. Broley looked him over. He was about thirty, well-built and sturdy. "Are you in good shape?" Broley asked him.

"I just left the paratroopers," the photographer laughed. "I can get anywhere a seventy-year-old man can."

Broley went up the ladder. The ex-paratrooper followed slowly and reached the nest fifteen minutes behind Broley, trembling and white-faced. He couldn't hold his camera still enough to focus it, much less get pictures. Then he was sick and started back down. Broley stayed to band the eagles.

Several minutes later Broley heard the photographer screaming. He learned afterward that he had collapsed from exhaustion on the ladder. The only thing that saved him from a bad fall was the fact that one leg slipped between two of the ladder rungs. When Broley got down the ex-paratrooper was lying full-length on the ground—out cold.

Broley's main discovery has been that the eagle is a long-distance traveler and not a stay-at-home. Southern eagles after nesting in the winter move

northward, and northern eagles which nest in Canada in summer migrate southward. One eagle, shot at La Malbaie, Charlevoix, Que., in May 1950, had covered two thousand miles in a month.

Broley is sure that eagles are monogamous birds, but he wonders if sterility isn't sometimes grounds for an eagle divorce. He watched one nest for three years which produced no young and suspected the male was sterile. Then, in Broley's absence, the two eagles were seen to fight to the death—something very rare for married eagles don't quarrel. The female emerged victor and several days later returned with a new mate and raised a family. Did she kill her first mate because of his sterility? "Form your own conclusions," says Broley, "but I suspect she was fed up with sitting on those infertile eggs."

They Don't Steal Babies

Broley is particularly worried about the eagle's future. "If gunners won't leave it alone," he says, "I'm afraid we'll lose our eagle as they have in Europe." A large percentage of his banded birds are recovered dead, although the eagle is protected by law in the U.S. and most of Canada.

The Eagle Man is doing his best to correct popular misconceptions about eagles. He claims adult eagles never attack humans, even at their own nests—they are not as courageous in this respect as hawks and many smaller birds. They don't steal babies. They couldn't if they wanted to, for the limit an eagle can lift is about six pounds.

Ninety percent of the eagle's diet is coarse fish of varieties easily caught and of no commercial value. In two thousand climbs to eagles' nests Broley has only once found remains of barnyard fowl. Later he learned they had come from a refuse heap where a farmer had tossed remains of chickens killed for marketing.

But folklore tales about eagles eating lambs and babies are hard to kill. "People," Broley declares sadly, "will believe anything." He tells this story to prove it:

Bird bands used in Canada and the U.S. carry a number and the inscription, Notify Fish and Wildlife Service, Washington. A few years ago banding was under the Biological Survey of Washington and the inscription then was abbreviated because of the bands' small size to Wash. Biol. Surv. An Alberta farmer shot a crow marked with one of these earlier bands. He wrote indignantly to the U.S. government:

Dear Sirs: I shot one of your pet crows and followed instructions attached to it. I washed it and bled it and buried it. It was terrible. You should stop trying to fool the people with things like this. ★

She Cooked Dinner For The Princess

Continued from page 21

herself if she's late. She had set tea time at 4 p.m. and one day, with the tea hot, she failed to appear. At 4:30, after an afternoon's fishing, she and the Duke turned up. Mrs. Colquhoun hurried to make fresh tea but the royal butler frowned and said the Princess wouldn't like it—if she was late she'd want to drink her tea cold. The royal discipline prevailed and the Princess drank lukewarm tea.

The Duke liked Mrs. Colquhoun's first dinner so well he went back to the kitchen to personally congratulate her on the baked ham, which was served with pineapple slices, creamed cauliflower, French green beans, whipped potatoes and tossed green salad. Dessert was blueberry pie with whipped cream. Mrs. Colquhoun found the royal pair preferred their caviar served as a savory at the end of the meal. They had it with chopped onions, chopped white of egg, sieved yolk of egg, lemon slices and thin toast wedges.

After the roast-beef dinner came a savory of Scotch woodcock, scrambled eggs and anchovies. Another savory was Welsh rarebit. One luncheon dish was roast pheasant with an old-fashioned stuffing of bread crumbs, onions and spices. The accompanying salad was orange and avocado and the dessert was trifle.

When the royal party left there was plenty of food left over and Mrs. Colquhoun prepared a cold roast-beef buffet for twenty-six guests of Mr. and Mrs. Boulbee and Mr. and Mrs. Sweet. The Boulbees and Sweets were at Eagle Crest during the visit but stayed in their cottages on the grounds.

One Colquhoun dish which royalty missed is barbecued chicken, a Saturday-night feature at Eagle Crest. She marinates thirty half spring chickens overnight in sauterne and spices, wraps each in tinfoil and has them grilled over an open fire and bathed again in sauterne just before eating. Potatoes greased in butter and baked in tinfoil and steaming casseroles of corn and green peppers help complete the meal.

Mrs. Colquhoun has long been familiar with this sort of exotic dish although she didn't learn to cook until she was edging fifty. Once her father, a well-to-do Victoria barrelmaker, gave her a four-thousand-dollar Cadillac convertible, in the days when automobiles were still toys. It was painted white with her initials in gold on the door.

She was married at twenty-five to Robert T. Colquhoun, a thirty-five-year-old businessman in the wholesale liquor trade. They lived in San Francisco and entertained lavishly. For five years they toured Scotland, Cyprus and Turkey, and vacationed in Cannes and Nice. On yacht trips through the Mediterranean Mrs. Colquhoun cultivated a taste for rare dishes which was to stand her in good stead later in life. The best cooking she found on the island of Cyprus where she ate lamb, sliced with onions and mushrooms on a skewer, marinated in wine and cooked over charcoal.

Back in Vancouver her husband entered the brokerage business and Mrs. Colquhoun entertained for groups of two hundred in their Shaughnessy Heights home. Hard times came and an enforced separation. Colquhoun joined the British Army ended in divorce. By 1944 Mrs. Colquhoun found she had to have a job. So she went to work in a Vancouver delicatessen.

"I was pretty green," she says now.

"I'd never drawn a chicken or a turkey. The German owner of the delicatessen showed me how." A month later she got a better job—as cook in a mining camp at Hedley in the wild interior of the province.

She says she'll never forget her first night in the camp. She made a cake so big it was a yard square. In the excitement of lifting this culinary monster from the oven it fell on the floor and shattered in a hundred pieces. Nothing daunted, she salvaged the wreckage, stuck it together and covered it in a fast-hardening seven-minute icing. The miners said it was the best pudding they'd ever tasted.

Though she thought she was practicing on miners she soon came to realize they are the fussiest eaters alive. Months later a famous hotel chef in Vancouver told her if she was good enough to please miners she was good enough to please anybody.

The mine buildings were perched on a mountaintop like an eagle's nest and to get there Mrs. Colquhoun had to cross over a deep canyon in a bucket on a cable.

Back from the mine six months later Mrs. Colquhoun managed a cafeteria concession in a big Vancouver shipyard. It ran twenty-four hours a day seven days a week, with meals every four hours. She often got up at 3 a.m. to work.

Her next job was in the RCAF officers' mess at Vancouver's Jericho Beach station. The first Sunday her turkey-cleaning training stood her in good stead. "There were eight turkeys for dinner," she remembers. "The staff didn't know what to do. One man said he'd get sick and never be able to eat turkey again if he had to clean them. So I said, 'For gosh sakes give me the works and I'll do them all.' They stood around and gawked. It was the proudest moment of my life. I felt I was on my way."

The war over, Maria Colquhoun went to Harrison Hot Springs as pantry chef where she found herself making hors d'oeuvres, fruit and fish cocktails, cold meat, desserts and salads for a hundred people at a time. Then she heard about the beauties of the Malibu Club on Princess Louisa Inlet, an arm of the sea that knifes deep into the mountains north of Vancouver. Here she found herself making salads for movie stars who arrived by private plane and yacht.

"A salad's an important thing," she says. "Too many are spoiled by too much dressing. In a tossed salad particularly, only put in enough dressing to coat your greens. More can be added to taste. Don't make salads soggy. Everything's got to stay crisp."

Her fame spread. The Sylvia Hotel hired her as chef and from there last June she went to Eagle Crest. In her steady progression from miners to millionaires Maria Colquhoun has amassed a good deal of horse sense about food and what to do with it.

Some Kedgeree for Breakfast

She has a horror of hors d'oeuvres ("a ridiculous custom—should be abolished") as well as of menus in French, except in France. And one secret of good cooking, she believes, is the avoidance of too many spices.

"This modern craze for garlic is nuts," she says. "I'm absolutely against it. You spoil a good steak when you use garlic. It's fine with spaghetti dishes and in French dressing. But I'd rather have a garlic specialty than flavor too many dishes with it. Sometimes it's like putting an extra layer of powder on your face because you're too lazy to use soap and water."

An economical dinner, Mrs. Col-

quhoun has found, is boiled tongue. She slices it and serves it hot in a sauce made from a small part of the stock, some sherry, a little maraschino cherry juice, slivered almonds and chopped maraschino cherries.

It was in Turkey that Mrs. Colquhoun became familiar with kedgeree—a dish made of leftover fish which she thinks most Canadian housewives would welcome. She uses salmon mixed up with rice, hard-boiled egg, butter, salt and pepper. "A good cheap dish," she says. Her customers get it for lunch and like it so well they sometimes order it for breakfast.

Maria Colquhoun can't understand the craze for canned vegetables ("it's laziness—lack of imagination") and she prefers a wood stove to gas or electricity. The old-fashioned heat, she says, preserves the moisture in meat, especially beef. The stove at luxurious Eagle Crest is the old-fashioned kind.

She also has definite ideas about beef, a meat she thinks is often ruined by too much cooking. "If you want it cooked through why not buy pot roast?" she asks. "And never reheat beef—it's a crime. Serve it cold as long as you can, then make shepherd's pie."

She shuns electric mixers. "I can tell by the feel when a cake is ready for the oven." And her opinion of Canadian restaurants is pretty low. "Mostly I'd rather have a fresh-boiled egg, some toast and a pot of tea at home than dine out anywhere," she says. If she does eat out she orders a simple meal: mixed grill, tossed salad and coffee—nothing more.

She believes American women use more imagination in their cooking than Canadians. "They're not afraid to experiment." For instance, she says, few Canadians would dare to try this dish: cubed potatoes and shredded dried salt cod with chopped parsley and chopped garlic, heated but not fried in a good quantity of oil, with beaten eggs thrown in to take up the oil. She hasn't any idea what this is called but it's a favorite with her.

Irish Stew and Truffles

Details, she says, are important in cooking—too many people skip over them. She chops her parsley without washing it. Then she puts it into a piece of muslin and rinses it, squeezing all the time. She shakes it out of the muslin green and fluffy. It's the final touch of color and flavor for any dish.

In her years of cooking Mrs. Colquhoun has hit on a number of tricks. She never fries anything she can possibly bake. Bacon and sausages, she says, are better grilled in the oven, the fat drained off in the warmer or paper toweling. "Stay away from frying," she warns. "Why fry steaks, even? They're better grilled."

"Cooking's an art, like painting pictures," she says. "Sometimes you learn; sometimes, more often I think, it's born in you. If what you place on the table doesn't give you a thrill every time you're not much of a cook. It would be fairer to send your family down to a hotdog stand."

She has one cooking joke she tells on herself: Once, long ago, when she had an apartment in Cannes, her husband told her he was bringing a wealthy gourmet to lunch next day. Together with her French chef she planned an elaborate menu—chicken and truffles. Her guest ate the dish but said not a word. A few nights later she and her husband went to dinner with him at the Casino in Nice.

"What did he find on the menu?" grins Maria Colquhoun. "Irish stew. He ordered two portions. And I know how to make the best Irish stew in the world. Chicken and truffles indeed!"★



The Shy Midas Behind Ungava

Continued from page 19

made Canada a silver producer. Jules' uncle, Noah Timmins, first grasped the significance of Benny Hollinger's dazzling find at Porcupine, a hundred miles northwest of Cobalt, in 1909, and made it the most lucrative gold mine on this continent. Timmins' money saved Quebec's Noranda gold mine from going broke in 1924, established the growing cities of Rouyn Noranda, and fired the start gun for a prospecting adventure which led to a string of mining towns stretching ninety miles eastward over the muskeg to Val d'Or. It was Timmins' money which converted a struggling venture called the San Antonio Mine in Manitoba into a dividend payer between the wars. And Timmins' money was the first invested in the Yellowknife gold fields of the Northwest Territories.

The Timmins policy of progressive investment in promising claims, the encouragement of prospectors by generous grubstakes and square deals, and the building of a reputation on the stock exchanges for reliable promotion of good risks, provided Jules with the money for Ungava.

Norman Pearce, a proprietor of the Northern Miner, the industry's trade bible in Canada, says: "Jules Timmins is Ungava, and Ungava is Jules Timmins. There's a lot of American money in there, but it is a Canadian baby. Timmins was the only man in Canada with the nerve to do it. He is one of the richest men in Canada, but nobody identifies him with wealth. When you think of Jules Timmins you think of northern development and Canada's future."

During the past two years Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., has invested Jules Timmins with an honorary doctorate of laws, and McGill University, Montreal, his own alma mater, has conferred on him an honorary doctorate of science in recognition of his services to Canada's economy.

Yet, outside mining and university circles, Jules Timmins is almost unknown. His Montreal cousins, Noah Timmins Jr., Leo Timmins and Rodolphe Timmins, are all active in mining interests which extend from South America to the Northwest Territories. Leo, as president of the Chromium Mining and Smelting Corporation, whose main plant is at Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., worked feverishly for fifteen years to establish this industry firmly in Canada. But from their fathers, whose partnership is legendary in Canadian mining history, the contemporary Timmins have inherited a reticence that was certainly essential to economic survival in the early era of prospecting and claim jumping, but which today reporters find frustrating.

Even the Timmins women, who busy themselves with Montreal Catholic charities and are all very personable, shy away from camera and gossip columnists. Jules Timmins' American

wife, the former Edna Nelson of Tulsa, Okla., who is so handsome visitors find it hard to believe she's borne him four daughters and five sons, once deftly escaped Montreal's aggressive little photographer David Bier by pleading she was in an old dress and appealing to his chivalry not to "shoot."

Though Jules Timmins likes to keep the family name out of the press, he is intensely interested in it himself. In the mid-Thirties he employed a "family-tree man" to find out who the first Canadian Timmins was and whence he came. The lineage specialist could probe no farther back than Jules Timmins' grandfather, Noé Timmins, who came from "somewhere around Pembroke, Ont.", and was of either Irish or German descent on the paternal side and French on the maternal.

Since Noé, the Timmins offspring have married into such an assortment of English, Irish, Scots, French, European and American racial strains that the younger generation are probably among the most representative Canadian types alive today.

The story of Jules is inseparable from that of his family.

Noé Timmins opened a general store in Mattawa, Ont., during the copper and nickel prospecting era toward the end of the last century. He was a Protestant until he married a Canadienne, when he was converted to Rome. The Timmins family are now all Catholics. Jules' father, Henry Timmins, and his uncle, Noah Timmins, inherited the store.

The Great La Rose Bonanza

Mattawa was then a one-street frame-house town, alternately dusty and muddy, a CPR junction at a branch line which ran to the foot of Lake Timiskaming along the Ontario-Quebec border. Here European settlers threw their bundles off trains and began to hack themselves a farm out of the bush. Blind pigs, gambling dens and brothels catered to the bachelors and grass widowers who were hitting the rainbow trail. Mattawa was a frontier town and in Mattawa the northern empire of Canada had its beginnings.

Noah and Henry Timmins married two Canadian sisters called Paré. They thus acquired a nephew, Alphonse Paré, a mining engineer. Most of their customers were prospectors. These two factors turned the Timmins' thoughts from groceries to the mineral riches already glinting in the outcrop or among the stumps left by the old logging companies. For fifteen years the Timmins were known to prospectors for miles around as men ready to grubstake the most forlorn expeditions. Most of their profits were carried away into the bush and they were sometimes ridiculed for their faith in silver. But in 1903 the risks paid off.

In that year a railroad blacksmith called Fred La Rose walked into the store and dumped a few pieces of curious rock on the counter in front of Noah. These specimens convinced Noah that commercial silver lay in the district. La Rose had staked claims in his spare time while working on the Timiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway around what is now Cobalt. Negotiations carried on by Henry were complicated by the fact that La Rose had sold half his claims to John and Duncan McMartin, railroad contractors who employed him. But Henry Timmins bought a quarter share for thirty-five hundred dollars. Then a group of claim jumpers disputed La Rose's stake. The Timmins brothers engaged a struggling young lawyer, David Dunlap, to fight a legal action. Dunlap took for his fee an equity in the La Rose claims. He won the case.

Thus the Timmins-McMartin Dunlap combine, from which three contemporary millionaire families are descended, had its beginnings.

Noah Timmins went to Haileybury, Ont., to try to borrow five thousand dollars. The bank turned him down and the cash was raised from friends. A few months later the La Rose mine shipped fifty thousand dollars worth of silver to New York. Noah shook the cheque in the face of the discomfited manager and changed banks.

With these earnings the syndicate secured a two-hundred-thousand-dollar option on five nearby claims. A month later they sold these same claims for six hundred thousand. Eventually the La Rose mine sold for a million dollars. The site of the mine became the town of Cobalt.

Henry and Noah built themselves a big house each at nearby Haileybury. They were the first in the north to have electric power. It was expensive at the time and, to test its cost, Noah kept every light in his house burning for a month. He laughingly said that he had to sell a carload of silver to meet the bill.

The gently bred Paré sisters rubbed the rough spots off their husbands. Henry and Noah would spend weeks in the bush inspecting claims, then return to the fine linen, soft English-French conversation and musical evenings amid the now roaring mining camps of New Liskeard, Haileybury and Cobalt. It was a beginning of civilization in the north.

It was Noah who won the credit for Hollinger. Alphonse Paré, the nephew, first heard the news of nineteen-year-old Benny Hollinger's famous strike at Porcupine in 1909. Hollinger had been grubstaked by John McMahon, a bartender. McMahon was empowered to act financially on Hollinger's behalf. Noah cornered McMahon in Haileybury, which was then a howling mob of sourdoughs, tenderfeet, European peasants and English aristocrats, all rushing north to stake claims.

A Tidal Wave Brought Death

McMahon was incoherently yelling he would take nothing less than a million dollars for the Hollinger claims. Noah let him cool off for a day or two after getting a promise of first option. He urged his brother and the McMartin brothers to go in with him. They refused. Gold in Ontario? Not likely. Noah stoically decided to go it alone. At the last minute Henry said quietly, "I'm with you." They closed the deal with McMahon for three hundred and thirty thousand dollars. Later they bought adjoining claims and let the McMartins and Dunlap into the syndicate.

In six years the Timmins brothers graduated from small store owners to big homes in Montreal's affluent Westmount. The McMartin brothers transformed themselves from small railroad contractors into the sires of families which became the talk of New York café society. David Dunlap, the struggling lawyer, was headed for a home in Agincourt, near Toronto, which became one of the showplaces of Ontario.

But physical hardships had still to be endured. To set up the equipment at Hollinger it was necessary to drive sleds and teams twelve miles across the frozen surface of Night Hawk Lake. Thirteen times the ice broke and the horses and gear were hauled out of the water in the nick of time. In the summer of 1911, when the shaft was ready to disgorge its first load of gold, fire swept through Porcupine and razed every tree, tent and shack. Hundreds of miners and their families plunged into Porcupine Lake and stood up to

their necks in water with wet blankets over their heads as the holocaust consumed their belongings ashore. Many were drowned when the fire touched off a trainload of dynamite and the resulting explosion pushed a tidal wave across the lake. One group sheltering in the mine shaft suffocated. More than seventy people perished.

The Timmins calmly rebuilt the Hollinger surface workings. The first uninterrupted year of mining produced nearly a million dollars' worth of gold. The mine has since produced one hundred and fifty millions' worth. Hollinger was bigger than the La Rose. Noah became president and outshone his brother Henry.

The town of Timmins sprang up around the mine and there began a wave of indirect prosperity. A man called Henry Pierce, for example, wanted to buy a lot and build a store. But he didn't have a dime. Henry Timmins lent him fifteen hundred dollars. Within five years Pierce was worth two hundred thousand.

A Six-Million Grubstake

In this atmosphere Jules Timmins grew up, a stocky lad with stout legs and strong forearms, a formidable scrapper in the schoolyard at Mattawa. In summer he led long schoolboy expeditions into the bush, humping a big canoe over the portages, cooking beans and bannock, sleeping on balsam boughs. In winter he mushed a dog team. When the family became rich Jules might have turned into a Little Lord Fauntleroy. But at St. Michael's College, Toronto, and later at McGill, he was a stalwart of the hockey and football teams. In World War I he went to France as an officer with the Royal Canadian Engineers. After the war he worked as a mucker and then as a shift boss underground at Hollinger.

He studied geology and mining until no technician could pull the wool over his eyes. Then he formed J. R. Timmins and Co. and went out into the poker game of finance. His father died in 1930 and he cleaved close to his Uncle Noah. When he was more than forty years old he paddled his ageing Uncle Noah in a canoe more than fifty miles upstream to inspect the San Antonio mines in the Rice Lake area, one hundred and forty miles northeast of Winnipeg. When Noah died in 1936 it was Jules, instead of one of Noah's sons, who became president of Hollinger, with wide family approval.

A chance conversation in 1949 on the Montreal-New York train set Timmins thinking about iron. A small U. S. company, he learned, had got into difficulties trying to prove commercial iron deposits in Ungava. They were in debt to the extent of seventy thousand dollars. Timmins shouldered the debt, paid a cash sum that's never been disclosed, and got control of twenty thousand square miles in Labrador and thirty-nine hundred adjoining square miles over the Quebec border.

He hired Dr. J. A. Retty, Canada's outstanding geologist, to survey the terrain with a crew. He spent eight years and six million dollars of Hollinger money to find out how much ore could be dug, how much it would cost to get it out, how it could be shipped to civilization, and where he could sell it.

The findings would have crumpled a lesser man. A three-hundred-and-fifty-mile railway and the necessary equipment would cost around two hundred millions. There was one bright spot. The ore lay near the surface and could be gouged out by inexpensive opencast mining. It was high grade, up to sixty-five percent iron. But to

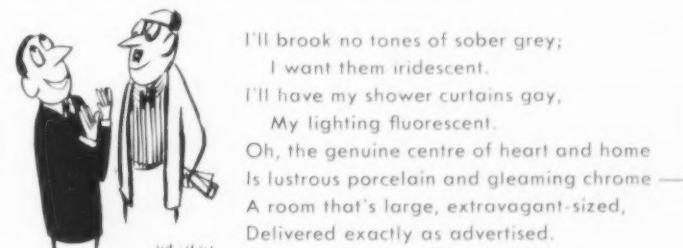


PLUMBER'S PARADISE

My heart is set on a riot of color.
I'm sold on a rainbow and nothing duller.
For living that's clean as well as gracious,
I'll have my bathroom brilliant, spacious—
Where an oriental potentate
Might fittingly settle affairs of state,
Surrounded by pomp and lush resplendence
And several hundred awed attendants.



Away with bathrooms snug and cosy
Where elbows and shins get battered.
I want a bathroom huge and rosy
As if cost never mattered,
Like the Taj Mahal — but a bit less breezy —
With space to make swinging an elephant easy.



So, architect, please get this straight —
I want it all in six by eight.

By P. J. BLACKWELL

CARTOONS BY PETER WHALLEY



make it pay it would be necessary to produce a minimum of ten million tons a year. In 1948 the Canadian consumption of iron was only four million tons a year.

Two problems posed themselves—the huge capital required for development, and the market. In spite of the Quebec provincial government's longing to keep it an all-Canadian venture—they envisioned a vast smelting industry along the north shore of the St. Lawrence near Seven Islands—it was necessary to bring in American money and find American customers.

In the U. S. Cleveland-Pittsburgh steel basin many companies were worried by signs of exhaustion in the Mesabi Range of Minnesota. Led by the M. A. Hanna Co. six major American steel companies combined to strike a bargain with Timmins. They would help to raise the money for digging the Labrador ore and when it was got out they would buy it. The complex financing of the enterprise through the steel and insurance companies was regarded on stock exchanges as a Timmins triumph.

At Burnt Creek, the camp in Ungava, and at Seven Islands, the base on the St. Lawrence, the desolate quiet of that Canada which had been contemptuously dismissed by Voltaire as "a patch of snow" was suddenly shattered by the roar of machines and the cries of hardy men. Offices, assay shops, dining rooms, bunkhouses and family cabins were wrought from local tamarack, balsam and spruce, and roofed with aluminum flown up from Seven Islands. Twelve freight aircraft began heaving tractors, scoops, bulldozers and cranes from Seven Islands to Burnt Creek.

Seven Islands was transformed almost overnight from a sleepy fishing village on the fringe of the Montagnais Indian reserve into a sort of Klondike boom town with three hotels, a night club, and neon lighting. Practically every hour boats arrive at the newly built wharf with supplies, which are then flown on to Ungava or driven up the tote road to the tunnels, embankments, viaducts and bridges which will eventually carry the railway.

Local Indians have guided the exploration crews through much of the terrain in return for an aircraft lift or a gift of tea or flour. Mathieu André, chief of the Montagnais, presented Retty with a lump of ore which came from a spot later proved to possess workable deposits and was immediately employed on the prospecting staff.

Eighteen times last year Jules Timmins was seen stomping around Ungava and Seven Islands like an old sour-dough. His older sons, during college vacations, were working with the gangers and preparing themselves for the responsibilities of third-generation millionaires.

Silver, gold, and now iron. The Timmins name has been linked with the first, the biggest, and the best of all three finds in Canada. Yet a few weeks ago in Timmins, Ont., a railroad policeman, who for years has been accustomed to the spectacle of Jules Timmins running down the platform to make the south-bound train at the last minute, turned to a hotel bellhop standing nearby and said: "Say, who is that guy?"

The bellhop shook his head. ★

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London Letter: Bagdad on the Thames

Continued from page 4

that magic square mile which has Trafalgar Square as its centre then there is hardly a day that does not bring a fresh experience or a new acquaintance. London is the great Bagdad of the West and we sit in the bazaars and watch people come from the corners of the earth to tell us their stories. There is no snobbery in this inner circle. Here are the wits, the actors, the poets, the politicians, the race-horse owners, the diplomats, the fifty seven varieties of woman, the critics, the publishers, the gamblers, the dreamers, the orchestra conductors, the opportunists, the *poseurs* and the prophets. London denies nothing to talent. It generously claims success and seldom sheds a tear over failure. Wealth, without personality or talent, is just an onlooker.

No Women for Billy

In the realm of the arts there is an element of arrogance because here we create, and even when we import we do not accept the verdict of Paris or New York unless it coincides with our own opinion. As an example of what I mean come with me to Benjamin Britten's new opera, *Billy Budd* at Covent Garden, with the composer conducting his own work. While people were saying that grand opera could not advance beyond Wagner, Strauss and Puccini and that it could only live upon its past, a young fellow, son of a seaside dentist, was wandering among the cliffs and planning operas such as had never been written. Already he has five operas to his credit and they are performed in every capital in the world.

Imagine the consternation when he announced that in *Billy Budd* there would be no women. An opera without a love duet? An opera without a soprano or contralto? "This is the story of a ship at sea," said Britten, "and there were no ladies on board."

Looking like a shy, tall schoolboy he bowed to our plaudits at Covent Garden and then began the discordant but haunting music which irritates and fascinates until you eventually fall under its merciless spell. You long for a sustained melody but he tantalizes us with a fragment and no more. You

wait for the grandeur of the raging storm as in the prelude to *Tristan* and he gives you only the mist and the breathlessness of a becalmed sea.

Every now and then he tantalizes us with a sweep of the strings and a blare of the brass as though he were going to out-Wagner Wagner, but then he breaks off as if to say: "I am sorry, I know what you want and I could give it to you, but this is music of the intellect, not of the senses." Yet there is a moment of exquisite beauty when the singers on the stage pause and we hear the soft distant singing of the crew. And when the fog descends his music is so realistic that it almost obliterates the auditorium from view.

Britten's dentist father might just as well have lived in Winnipeg or Auckland or Cape Town and would have been a respected citizen and lived a full life. But what would young Britten have done with his dissonant dreams of a different kind of music? The experimental laboratory is not there. It cannot be there. Only in a vast metropolis can the genius, ahead of his time, secure a hearing. Because of London Britten got his chance. Today he is the most significant operatic composer in the world, and *Billy Budd* will be heard in every great opera house in the world.

In the Hitler war there were two youngish actors serving in the Air Force, actors of promise although real success had eluded them. One was Laurence Olivier, described as the worst pilot in the Naval Auxiliary Air Force. The other was Ralph Richardson. As both of them seemed a greater menace to themselves than to the enemy Brendan Bracken, the Minister for Information, took them out of the services and gave them the task of reviving the Old Vic, but in the West End instead of across the river where the famous theatre had been destroyed by a bomb.

Both Olivier and Richardson said they would only accept nominal salaries, enough for food and lodging but no more, and then hurled themselves into their new task. With courage, audacity and arrogance they gave us Shakespeare's plays as they had never been done before—and not only Shakespeare but Shaw and Chekhov and

Euripides. In the midst of raging war a golden era of acting was born in the English theatre and the people thronged in gratitude to forget their own sorrows in the inspiring tragedies of the theatre.

Just as the Old Vic was born of the courage of an amazing woman, Lilian Baylis, who was not content merely with the theatre but founded the Sadler's Wells Ballet when everyone knew that the English could never be dancers, so the achievements of Olivier and Richardson raised not only the standard of acting and production but public taste as well. Today we have in addition to them such stars as Alec Guinness, Paul Scofield, John Gielgud, Vivien Leigh, Peggy Ashcroft, Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans and a dozen others of the top rank.

The theatre means so much to London. Perhaps more than anything else I would miss it if we exchanged London for the mountains and the sea.

Men live and die for it is the law of nature, but greatness lives on and enriches the life of generations unto generations. Here in London we walk by the river where Dickens dreamed his plots and people, where Shakespeare wrote and acted and laughed and wept, where Raleigh went by barge to his execution, where Dick Whittington walked with his cat, where Wilde sought refuge from shame in the darkness of the night, where Shaw stretched his long legs and prepared his shafts of ridicule against the ridiculous England which he never left, except for a few weeks, until his death. At Westminster, where they sentenced Charles I to death, Churchill proclaims the dignity and the rights of man. In the Abbey sleeps Nelson, for his battles are over. London. . .

Now I must go to the House of Commons, for the Government has asked me to be the host to a group of German newspaper editors who are doing a tour of Great Britain. I had better not tell them that the other night I went to the Soviet Embassy to hear the woman who was given the People's Prize of the United Republics of the Soviet Union. Stalin awarded it to her so perhaps he too is a critic.

Tomorrow? In London you never know. That is part of its damnable charm.

The School-Tie Society

Yet there is a price that must be paid if you choose to live in a vast metropolis, a simple human price but a real one. You have people next door but no neighbors, a fact which has its advantages but robs life of some of its warmth. Your children are sent away to boarding school so that family life is something only for the holidays. Your friends can be numerous and charming but they are friends of convenience. In the suburbs it is different but in the centre the pace is too swift, the prizes too big, the change of personnel too frequent, the human backgrounds too varied to permit of the lifelong friendships that are possible in cities that can remember when they were towns.

Perhaps that is why the English cling, to the old school tie, to preserve a comradeship that metropolitan life tries to destroy. Perhaps, too, that is why those of us who came here from the outer empire can never shake off our love for the land of our birth.

In a few hours I shall be on board the Queen Mary making for New York and thence to Canada. I am delighted to be going and as eager as a schoolboy to see my friends and kinsmen although I have made this voyage more times than I can remember.

But I have a return ticket to London. ★

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Stuffed Spareribs that Spare the Budget

The individual rolls of stuffed spareribs are simmered to juicy tenderness in apple juice to which a few raisins have been added.



FRUITED STUFFED SPARERIBS

2 pounds pork spareribs
½ cup chopped onion
4 tablespoons butter or margarine, heated
4 cups coarse soft bread crumbs
1½ teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
1 teaspoon sage
1 can (20 ounces) apple juice
½ cup seedless raisins, washed
1½ tablespoons flour

Wipe spareribs with a damp cloth and cut into 5 or 6 pieces. Sauté onion in heated butter or margarine. Combine bread crumbs, 1 teaspoon of the salt, pepper, sage and onion mixture. Spread spareribs with stuffing; roll up each piece and tie securely. Coat rolls with seasoned flour and brown in a little heated shortening. Place rolls in a deep saucepan and add 2 cups of the apple juice, raisins and remaining ½ teaspoon salt. Cover closely and simmer, turning once, until meat is tender—about 2 hours. Smoothly blend remaining apple juice into the flour; stir into sauce and cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Yield: 5 or 6 servings.

Roll Up Flavor in Swiss Steak

This recipe stretches less than 2 pounds of steak to serve 6 people—a fine company or family dish. A thin slice of round steak is the meat, bread cubes the extender—the whole simmered in a savory tomato sauce.



STUFFED SWISS STEAK ROLL

An unusual version of Swiss steak with plenty of delicately-spiced gravy. Left-over roll may be sliced thinly and served cold, either with hot vegetables or a salad.

1½-pound piece thinly-sliced round steak
½ cup chopped onion

3½ cups ½-inch cubes of bread
3 tablespoons butter or margarine, heated
½ cup diced celery
1 teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups (20-ounce can) tomatoes
3 whole cloves
1 teaspoon granulated sugar
2 tablespoons chopped fresh parsley
or 2 teaspoons dried parsley
¼ cup cold water
2 tablespoons flour

Wipe steak with a damp cloth. Fry onion and

bread cubes in heated butter or margarine until onion is golden and bread flecked with brown. Mix in celery, ½ teaspoon of the salt and ½ teaspoon of the pepper. Spread steak with stuffing; roll up rather tightly and tie securely. Brown meat roll in a little heated shortening. Place roll in a deep saucepan and add tomatoes, remaining ½ teaspoon salt and ½ teaspoon pepper, cloves, sugar and parsley. Cover closely and simmer, turning once, until meat is tender—1½ to 2 hours. Smoothly blend the cold water into flour; stir into sauce and cook, stirring constantly, until smoothly thickened. Slice meat for serving and pass the sauce. Yield: 6 servings.

Did you know—

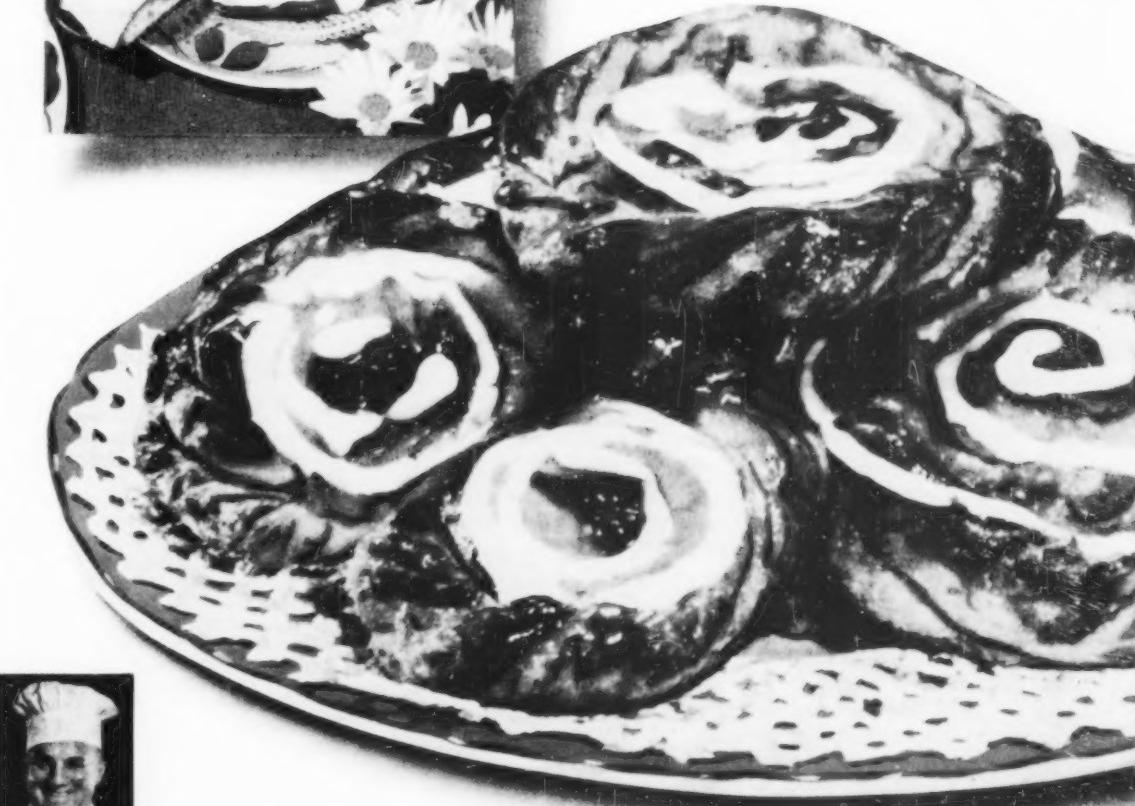
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South Africa's Ku Klux Klan

Continued from page 11

theories and thus remain beyond its control. But it is doing its best to win the children and is particularly active through its many teacher-members in the schools.

In the Transvaal province the Nationalist Party has, by law, taken from parents the right to choose their children's schools. In other parts of the union the AB is attempting, through an organization of educators known as the Institute for Christian National Education, to segregate Afrikaans and English-speaking children.

The main difference between the Malan Government and previous South African governments is that the Malanites live politically by applying pin-pricks gratuitously to the nonwhites. Segregation is as old as the veldt in South Africa. It has always been the vogue, often without compulsion or a fanfare of trumpets. Today, however, every new government irritation to the black majority is loudly acclaimed as proof that the Malan Government is "saving white civilization." This is the cry which won the 1948 election for the Nationalists and put the AB in power.

Even in railway coaches there is strict *apartheid*. People of mixed blood have been prosecuted for riding in coaches reserved for Europeans only. In Cape Town a colored man was charged before a magistrate with "leaving" against a bench reserved for Europeans only. At big railway stations, in cities like Johannesburg, whites and nonwhites use separate entrances and exits.

Mixed marriages, between white and nonwhite, although there were only a few annually, were prohibited. Since only a clairvoyant could judge from outside appearance, as the law requires, whether a person is white or colored, shocking mistakes were made. People who had lived together legally for decades were hauled before the courts. Clergymen had the greatest difficulty in deciding whether they were breaking the law when marrying borderline couples. All this necessitated frequent revision of the official interpretation of what the law really meant, and it is a stock joke in South Africa today that mixed relationships are okay provided the offence has been committed long enough. A white woman at Johannesburg was brought before the magistrate because she had high cheekbones, from which a zealous policeman deduced that she was of mixed blood and therefore breaking the law by living with her European husband. At Cape Town a European was prosecuted because he called himself "colored" to marry a mulatto.

A Child Committed Suicide

A national register, now being prepared, will classify the entire population on racial lines. Every person will be given a certificate containing his personal details and photograph, and saying he is white, native (Negro), colored (half-caste), or Asiatic, making it impossible for him or his descendants to break out of his racial caste. This may entail tracing the ancestry of thousands of people, as was done in Hitler's Germany, and is bound to have tragic results in a land with one million people of mixed blood, some of whom pass as white but will be classified as colored when the witch-hunt is over. In many colored families in the Cape, gradations of color range from coal-black to blond Aryan, and it often happens that a light-colored

a matter of time before they demand greater rights, and many shrewd observers believe that the AB is bringing about the very conditions it fears most. Ultra-Afrikaner nationalism is provoking a counter black nationalism, not only in the Union of South Africa but throughout Africa, particularly in the British colonies, where the Malan Government's native policy is fouling relations between whites and blacks. If this trend continues, the position of the five million whites in Africa vis-à-vis almost two hundred million blacks will become increasingly difficult, if not precarious, unless a workable system of good will and co-operation is evolved.

Two Doors at the P.O.

In a land of fear, race prejudice is a potent vote getter but dangerously increases inter-racial tensions. Outspoken Hannes Strydom, the Nationalist crown prince, who is almost certain to succeed Malan as leader of the Nationalist Party, says frankly that the whites must forever maintain their position of *baasskap* (bossism) in South Africa. He and other Nationalist politicians are already using the same catchy slogan of Save White Civilization for the next general election, which is due in 1953 but may break this year.

As things stand now, it is perfectly legal for a black or colored woman to work side by side with her white mistress in a kitchen, or to bring up her mistress' children, but the moment they step out into the street *apartheid* separates them remorselessly. Except in one province, they must travel in separate buses, or rail coaches; enter a post office through different doors and be served at different counters.

Before Malan, in Cape Town a white woman and her colored or native maid could ride in the same bus or train. Now they cannot ride in the same train although they can for the time being share a bus. However, the government plans to change this when there are more buses. In other provinces there has always been traditional segregation but now it is the law.

Apartheid has invaded parliament itself. One of Malan's first acts as prime minister was to abolish the three seats allocated by Smuts to the South African Indians, whose treatment by South Africa is a subject of bitter controversy at the United Nations. Next he awarded six seats to former German South-West Africa and ensured the return of his candidates by giving the vote to Germans eager to revenge themselves on Smuts for waging war on Hitler.

The Sailor Fights Again

Last year Malan placed a limitation on the rights of colored voters in Cape Province who had enjoyed much the same privileges as white citizens except that colored women could not cast a ballot. Although colored voters had to pass a literacy test, show property worth not less than seventy-five pounds or an annual income of at least fifty pounds as against the universal suffrage of whites over twenty-one, they did vote for the same candidates in fifty-five constituencies and their names appeared on the same roll. Under the Malan law the colored people can vote for four members who must be white. This law is now being contested in the Supreme Court.

When the Coloured Franchise Bill was being steam-rollered through parliament, a group of war veterans, some of whom had voted for Malan, became alarmed at what they called the rape of the constitution and spontaneously organized the Torch Commando. After

holding torchlight processions in the main centres, they trekked in jeeps with Sailor Malan, the famed Battle of Britain ace, at their head to Cape Town to lodge their protests on the steps of parliament. They drew huge crowds wherever they went. At Cape Town fifty thousand people of all colors milled round the streets while the torchmen marched on parliament and presented petitions to the leaders of the Opposition parties, including Smuts' heir and disciple, Jacobus Strauss, the leader of the Opposition.

Said Sailor Malan: "The eyes of all freedom-loving men are on us. We have stood silent for three years and have watched this Government, controlled by a secret society, assail our liberties one by one. We will no longer stand for a government representing a faction which in the last war openly supported our enemies."

In a few months the Torch Commando, which has one object only—to rid South Africa of the Malan Government—has recruited one hundred thousand Afrikaners and Englishmen, ranging from a retired chief justice of the union to veterans of World Wars I and II and the Boer War. It is now aiming at a membership of two hundred and fifty thousand before the next general election and backs the United Party, which is the official Opposition.

Is He the New Kruger?

Adolph Gysbert (Sailor) Malan was born forty years ago on a farm near Cape Town. The name Sailor, which he prefers to Adolph, has stuck since he took a training course at sea before joining the RAF. Like his seventy-seven-year-old namesake, Dr. Malan, he is of French-Huguenot-Afrikaner Dutch descent. On his mother's side, unlike Premier Malan, he is English. During World War II (of which Dr. Malan disapproved so strongly that his enemies accuse him of pro-German sympathies) Sailor bagged thirty-two German aircraft and came uncashed out of more than two hundred dogfights. He was not only a great pilot but a brilliant commanding officer.

Dr. Malan has never been a warrior. He did not fight in the Boer War and, in World War II said, "We want peace with Germany." He still speaks with the resonance of the Dutch Reformed Church pulpit from which he descended forty years ago to seek temporal power as a politician. Smuts summed Malan up by saying that Malan led from the back—not from the front. In his early career as a politician he expressed admiration of Communism, which he now detests; he wanted to give the vote to colored women; he said England was the mother of South Africa's freedom. Slow and plodding, he has toed the Broederbond line meekly since 1933

NEXT ISSUE:

FREDERICTON

By Ian Selander

Maclean's Maritimes Editor writes about a famous Canadian city —

The Aristocrat Under The Elms

IN MACLEAN'S FEB. 15 ON SALE FEB. 8

when he joined this sinister society.

His followers now call him the modern Paul Kruger, after the last president of the South African Republic. Kruger believed that the world was flat.

In 1936 Malan was asked in parliament if he agreed with a sentence in a Broederbond pamphlet reading, "We shall strive for the eventual mastery of South Africa." He replied, "Yes." Since 1948 the AB, working through the government, has been doing just that. Interior Minister T. E. Donges, South Africa's chief delegate to the United Nations, recently walked out of the General Assembly in protest against that body's decision to hear witnesses from South-West Africa, a former German colony which South Africa administers. A further move in the direction of the domination of all South Africa by the AB has been the isolation of colored voters.

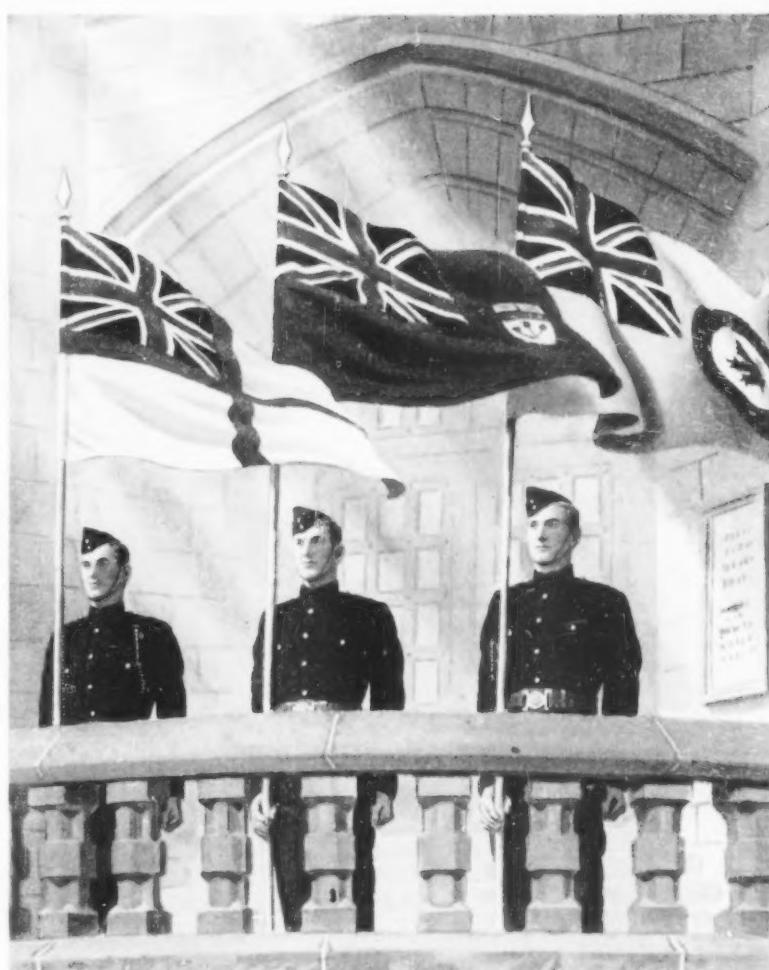
One of Malan's cabinet ministers has already said that the four MPs representing the colored population will have to go if they don't behave themselves. In the name of *apartheid* the three MPs representing natives (Negroes) may be scrapped and all native and colored representation confined to the senate, which is powerless to unseat any South African government. Non-European representation—it is only token representation—would have been sidetracked to the senate had it not been for the opposition of Nicolas Havenga, Malan's Minister of Finance, whose more moderate Afrikaner Party was for a time in a position to block this move. Now, however, the Nationalists have absorbed Havenga's little party, which seems to seal the doom of nonwhite representation in the assembly, the South African equivalent of the Canadian House of Commons.

Ten Million Colored Enemies

All this *apartheid* jugglery means a net gain of two dozen seats to the Nationalist Party in a house of one hundred and fifty-nine members, making it difficult to overthrow them by ballot-box means. One leading Nationalist MP has gone even further. At a public meeting he said that all "liberals" should be placed on a separate voters' roll, as has been done with the coloreds. This would be extending political *apartheid* with a vengeance to the white population.

After three years of AB rule through the Nationalist Party, Malan himself has had to admit that race relations have deteriorated alarmingly. Judge F. A. W. Lucas, who retired from the Supreme Court last August, put it much more strongly: "The Nationalists have done more in three years to endanger white civilization than anyone or any group has done in the preceding three hundred years. South Africa is rapidly approaching the stage when the white people, who are divided among themselves, are likely to be surrounded by ten million enemies of themselves and their civilization. The Nationalist policy will soon make the position of the whites in Africa untenable."

Undeterred by ominous repercussions the AB is forcing the pace and goes its undeviating *apartheid* way, believing that it has a God-given destiny to fulfill. It believes that God planted the Afrikaner in southern Africa for some divine purpose. As a leading *broer* put it at a secret meeting: "We are not fighting in the cause of the Afrikaner nation. We are fighting in the cause of God. We do not serve our Afrikaner people only. We serve God Himself. The AB was created by God to bring about His will. The AB will have to account to God Himself for its actions." *



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The Riddle of Louis Riel

Continued from page 9

shoulders. Schultz never paid the judgment.

The arrival of the surveyors running lines indiscriminately over the métis farms added to the pervading insecurity and uncertainty. No one knew what was going to become of the northwest now that it was understood the Hudson's Bay Company had agreed to sell the ancient fur preserve to Canada.

Most upset of all the Red River people, the métis held many meetings. Riel—clever, articulate, educated, possessed of an instinctive flair for leadership—seemed a natural choice for a spokesman. He and a group began to pull up surveyors' stakes until they had effectively stopped all work. Then they formed the National Council of Métis, based on their old buffalo-hunt governments. Riel was secretary but, in effect, leader.

If the building of the Dawson road and the indiscriminate surveying of the Red River settlement had been hasty, Sir John A. Macdonald's next step was breathless. He appointed Hon. William McDougall lieutenant-governor of the northwest and sent him west with powers to select his own council of fifteen. The Métis Council, which the members of the Canadian Party referred to slightly as "the pemmican government," decided no one was imposing a government on them until they had been consulted. The council erected a barricade on the road from the American border, in St. Norbert; they sent messengers who stopped McDougall at the border.

Just before this Joseph Howe, Secretary of State, had visited the settlement and had a long talk with Louis Riel. The two had much in common, since Howe's own Nova Scotia had appealed to Britain after Confederation for redress of grievances. Howe told Riel to sit tight. On his way back east Howe passed William McDougall and his entourage. He told them not a word about what they were likely to run into.

McDougall made an unsuccessful attempt to cross the border with his entourage. He was forced to return. He wrote to Sir John A. Macdonald, explaining how he was being forced to leapfrog across the border. The Prime Minister, who was not particularly warm toward McDougall, laughed uproariously and wrote the exiled governor to go cautiously for he was trying to enter a foreign country just as surely as though he were crossing the American border to Buffalo. He told him more sternly not to come back to Canada and cover himself and his party with indignity. Ironically he added: "This Riel is a clever fellow whom you should try to retain in your future police." He suggested that McDougall might have to bribe his way in, building a "golden bridge" to the Red River Settlement. Then to further help McDougall along, Macdonald refused to take delivery of the northwest territory from Great Britain. A state of war existed. The agreement, he said, was for the delivery of one territory at peace.

In the meantime Dr. Schultz had begun to form a small army of his own, using his store for a fort. McDougall, impatient on the border, decided that a drastic situation demanded drastic measures. He reached for his quill, stilled his chattering teeth, and drafted a royal but false proclamation in the name of Queen Victoria, announcing that the northwest had been turned over to Canada. McDougall's impressive proclamation expressed the hope that all the Queen's beloved Red River settlers would now submit to his



authority. In a letter-writing mood that night he sent a note to Secretary of State Joseph Howe, saying: "I hope I am not wrong in using Her Majesty's name in such an emphatic fashion." He had Col. Dennis, the head surveyor, post copies of the proclamation on the doors and walls of Fort Garry. He also commissioned Dennis to raise an army to attack the métis and seize their horses, carts and wagons. Then through Dr. Schultz he made arrangements to arouse the Sioux Indians, who surrounded the settlement.

Riel recognized the proclamation as counterfeit. He soothed the Sioux and on Dec. 18 McDougall, now nicknamed Wandering Willie, pulled up stakes and headed back for Upper Canada. Meanwhile Riel moved against Dr. Schultz and his Canadian Party members, who had barricaded themselves in Schultz's warehouse. They surrendered afterward that the fireplaces and stoves had been stuffed with gunpowder in the hope that Riel might ask for a little warmth while making an inventory of the government salt pork which was stored there.

Not One Drop of Blood

Riel lowered the Hudson's Bay Co. banner from the Fort Garry flagpole, ran up a new flag with the fleur-de-lis on a white background and a small buffalo in one corner. The fort's cannons fired a salute; a band played; métis leaders made speeches; Riel addressed the crowd. On Dec. 27 he was elected president of the Métis Council. Riel announced he would recognize only the dictates of the British government as the settlement now belonged neither to Canada or the Hudson's Bay Co. Next month three delegates arrived from the Canadian government: John A. Macdonald had stopped laughing over the Red River impasse—there was a distinct threat that the territory might become part of the U. S. With Ottawa's blessing, a provisional government was formed headed by Riel. Fireworks, originally stocked to mark McDougall's arrival, were set off in celebration. Riel released sixteen of his prisoners taken during the raid on Schultz—and promised to set the rest free.

Without the shedding of a drop of blood Riel had led the métis and English settlers into the calm waters of unity, an astonishing feat in leadership for a young man of twenty-five, forced to make split-second decisions from hour to hour. He had surely walked a tightrope course, balancing without a misstep in spite of harassment from both sides and at either end of the wire.

In the meantime, a number of the prisoners had escaped from the fort, among them Thomas Scott and Dr. Schultz, who had torn his buffalo robe up in strips and lowered himself from the window of his cell. Schultz and Scott went to Portage la Prairie and with the help of Maj. Charles A. Boulton, a member of the Dennis survey party, began to organize an army to release the rest of the prisoners and overthrow Riel's government. They were recaptured. In jail or out, Thomas Scott caused Riel trouble. He had never ceased to rail at his guards. He planned an escape which involved setting fire to the place and getting away in the excitement. On another day he leaped on his guard, shouting for the other prisoners to do the same. Riel went to Scott's cell and told him that if he didn't change his tune there would be an execution.

"You wouldn't dare," said Scott.

"Ask me what other sort of punishment you'd prefer?" Riel said to him.

"I want nothing from you," Scott retorted. "You're just a bunch of criminals!"

"That's enough of that," said one of Riel's men. "That man deserves to be court-martialed. It's going to be his life or yours!"

On March 3 Scott was tried for armed revolt and for continued insubordination in the prison. As Scott was led in Riel was going out. The prisoner struggled to escape his guards and get at Riel. He defied the court to condemn him to death. They offered to conduct him to the American border if he would leave the country.

"Lead me out of the country if it suits you," Scott said. "As soon as your back's turned I'll be on my way back! I'll get to the settlement just as soon as you will. Sentence me to death, if you dare!"

They did.

At noon on March 4 the Anglican Bishop of Saskatchewan, Archdeacon Maclean, with a Bible, went into Scott's room. Followed by twenty guards Scott visited each room where there were prisoners; at each door he said "Good-by boys." He was marched down the stairs with his hands tied behind his back with a white rag tied around his neck and hanging down behind ready to be lifted to his eyes.

He knelt in the snow and, as two rifle balls struck him almost dead-centre in the chest, he fell forward, his blood running out with shocking generosity to honeycomb the new snow with its warmth. Ambroise Lépine, who was to give the *coup de grâce*, said "I can't do it."

André Nault, Riel's second-in-command, stepped forward, drew out his

Colt and put a cartridge through Scott's ear. The body was never seen again.

Riel said: "The political complications of the Red River settlement made his death inevitable."

Five days later Riel's old benefactor, Bishop Taché, who had been recalled from Rome by the Canadian government to straighten out the Red River trouble, arrived in the settlement to tell Riel and his people they would have a voice in the terms of their entry into Confederation and that there would be a general amnesty.

The fireworks were over. Riel released his prisoners. Three delegates were sent to Ottawa with a bill of rights asking for provincial self-government. The Manitoba Act was adopted and passed on May 12. It gave Riel everything he asked for except the promised amnesty. Based on his bill of rights it made Manitoba a province of Canada governed by a lieutenant-governor, upper house and legislature. Existing property rights were to be respected and bilingual separate schools were provided for.

On Aug. 24, in a driving rain, Col. Garnet Wolseley and his army entered Fort Garry. He had been sent out by Ottawa to assure peace and order in the Red River. Riel's scouts reported that his soldiers were recruited mostly from Ontario Orangemen and were yelling for Riel's blood. Riel himself was sitting at breakfast when suddenly James Stewart, one of his followers, burst in, crying: "For God's sake get out! The troops are only two miles away and the soldiers are talking of killing you!"

As Riel left one door of the fort Wolseley's soldiers entered another. In St. Boniface he called on Bishop Taché, who asked him what he was going to do.

"Climb on a horse and go with the grace of God," said Riel. "It doesn't matter what happens now. The rights of the métis—of their religion and their language—are assured by the Manitoba Act. My mission is completed."

In Disguise in Ottawa

The promised general pardon for the Red River rebels was side-stepped for reasons of expediency. Riel's second-in-command, André Nault, was beaten, bayoneted and left for dead. A friend, Bob O'Lone, was killed in a dance-hall brawl. Elzear Goulet was chased into the Assiniboine and stoned until he sank. The bitterness engendered by Scott's execution still hadn't thinned when Riel came to trial fifteen years later.

By 1871 there was a price of five thousand dollars on Riel's head. It was placed there by the province of Ontario and Thomas Scott's home county of Middlesex. Riel himself moved from hiding place to hiding place. One evening at dusk he appeared phantom-like from a haystack before a passing boy. "Tell them," said Riel, "that he who reigned over the fort is now a homeless wanderer with only a dried sucker for food."

But, exile or no, he ran as member of parliament for Provencher riding and was elected by a majority of a hundred and twenty-six votes. In March 1874 he made his way to Ottawa, which was guarded by extra police ready to apprehend him if he showed up. Disguised, he was sworn in the day before parliament opened. Only after he left did the parliamentary clerk recognize the sure well-formed strokes of his signature and the R with its extra loop. Riel never took his seat and was therefore expelled. Later that summer he turned up in Washington where he met and impressed President Ulysses Grant and sought appointment as government

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"You can't worry your way out of a money problem"

WORRY never solved anything, especially a money problem. Like most worries, the way to clear up the problem is to face it and do something constructive about it. I've helped solve a good many money worries in my job as a Household Finance branch manager.

"You see, I make cash loans to all kinds of people with all kinds of money problems. These loans are made on a modern, businesslike basis, on terms within the reach of working men and women.



"This young couple, for example, dropped in to see me recently. Jim is a salesman with a good job and fine future. But unexpected expenses upset their budget. They were hard-pressed for essentials their family needed. After examining their problem they sensibly decided that fretting over it wouldn't solve it. And it certainly wouldn't help their peace of mind. Like most of us, they didn't want to bother friends or relatives. We were recommended, so they came to Household Finance.

"After talking over their problem, I made them a loan on Jim's good name and earning ability. In a few minutes we cleared up a problem that some folks spend weeks worrying about. With the loan they cleaned up pressing bills and are now repaying 'Household' conveniently out of income. In this

Gerald S. Haslett, manager of the Household Finance office at 57 Bloor Street West, Toronto

way they got a fresh start and protected one of the most important assets in modern life: good credit standing.

"Of course, I don't make a loan to everyone who comes to my office, because a loan is not always the best solution to a money problem. But I do make loans to four out of five folks I meet. These loans give men and women a breathing spell to adjust their finances until they can stand on their own financial feet.

"Yes, our money service is constructive. It helps people to help themselves. Those are sound reasons why more people borrow from Household Finance than any other company in its field. Today Household Finance is Canada's largest and most recommended consumer finance organization."



MONEY WHEN YOU NEED IT
HOUSEHOLD FINANCE
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Continued from page 43

agent to the Indians in the western states.

A year later, in spite of strong opposition, a full amnesty was granted to all involved in the 1870 trouble, except for Riel and two other leaders. Riel was banished from Her Majesty's Dominions for five years and political privileges taken from him for life. The price on his head was removed.

During his exile Riel had come to know Evelina Barnabé, sister of Father Barnabé of Keeseville, N. Y. He had become almost one of the family, living in the rectory, going regularly to Mass with Evelina. The magic of his personality was such that Evelina fell in love with him and they became engaged.

But where his heart sought rest there was no rest for his turbulent mind. He found it almost impossible to sleep. He shocked Evelina and Father Barnabé by striding about the rectory roaring like a buffalo bull. He was certain now that he was one of a divine trilogy made up of the Count of Chambord, Don Carlos and Louis Riel. It was bovine: a white bull, Chambord; a black bull, Don Carlos, and a red bull, Louis Riel.

He was taken to Longue Pointe asylum where he smashed the ornaments and candles in the choir to show the Mother Superior that he must be treated as a gentleman. He stood against the wall of his room with arms out as a crucifix to prove he was Christ crucified; he broke his iron cot with his bare hands and used it to smash the ventilators, the sashes, the entire cell. It took three men to subdue him.

The storms subsided and after his release Riel was able to look back on them with some objectivity. "I had come to believe myself a prophet . . . Today I am better, I laugh at myself, at my hallucinations of the brain. I have a free spirit, but when one speaks to me of the métis, those poor tragic people, of the fanatic Orangemen, of the brave hunters who are treated like savages, who are of my blood, who have chosen me as their leader, who love me, and whom I love as brothers, ah, alas! my blood boils, my head gets on fire, and it is wiser to speak of other things."

He was still hopeful of finding a position with the U. S. Indian Department but in the spring of 1878 he decided to go to the western territories without official status. He promised Evelina he would send for her.

Not long afterward Evelina picked up a Montana newspaper and saw in the births, marriages and death column the announcement of a marriage between Louis Riel and Marguerite Monet Belhumeur. Louis had married a gentle, illiterate woman of the prairies, one-half Blackfoot.

For the next five years Riel lived at St. Peter's, Mont., teaching school. He took out his American citizenship papers, wrote letters to the papers protesting the debauching of the Indians and métis by white rum traders, got into a lawsuit on the charge of persuading métis to vote illegally and was acquitted. By 1884 he had a daughter and an infant son. He might have ended his life a sort of buckskin schoolmaster writing poems and indignant letters to newspapers if a delegation had not called on him, saddle-sore and weary after their long ride from northern Saskatchewan, then a federal district of the Canadian northwest along with Assiniboia, Alberta and Athabasca.

It was the same old story: government surveyors marking out land on the section-square American plan so that their lines ran through the long métis strips stretching back from the rivers. There was uncertainty as to the title of the land northwest settlers

had squatted on. There were petitions sent to Ottawa again and again over a period of twelve years; delegates traveled east, but the eighty-four petitions from Prince Albert, Qu'Appelle, from the Cypress Hills, from Duck Lake, and the letters from priests, inspectors of mounted police, lieutenants-governors, members of the Northwest Council, by private citizens—all were shelved or ignored in Ottawa. The delegation led by Gabriel Dumont had come to ask Riel to be their leader. He accepted.

Riel arrived in Saskatchewan about July 1, 1884, after a decade in the U. S. He addressed meetings during summer and fall, advising patience and moderation. His cause was championed throughout the country. In December under Riel's guidance a bill of rights was adopted and forwarded to Ottawa. It was ignored.

By early spring in 1885 no one in the northwest doubted the discontent would break out in armed conflict. It came at Duck Lake about forty miles southwest of Prince Albert.

Riel had set up a provisional government. Now he ordered Superintendent Crozier, the mounted police officer in charge of Fort Carlton not far from Duck Lake—to surrender all government supplies. Otherwise, Riel wrote, "We intend to attack when the Lord's Day is over," and signed himself Louis "David" Riel, Exovede. Crozier refused. With a force of fifty-six Mounties and forty-three Prince Albert volunteers he met Riel's armed métis at Duck Lake. A short parley followed, a scuffle ensued. Crozier's halfbreed translator shot Gabriel Dumont's brother, Isidore, dead. The battle of Duck Lake was on.

It lasted thirty-five minutes. Nine volunteers and three policemen were killed and twenty-five wounded by an enemy they could not see and in snow so deep they could not charge and dislodge by direct attack. The volunteers died with last words such as those of William Napier: "Tell Mother I died like a man."

On the métis side Riel, on horseback and unarmed, rode about with a crucifix in his hand. When Crozier and his men retreated, Gabriel Dumont, who had received a head wound, called on his people to pursue and destroy them. Riel asked that for the love of God no more be slain, and Crozier of the Mounted Police was allowed to get away.

Throughout the rest of the Saskatchewan affair half of Riel's energies were expended in moderating the enthusiasms of Dumont, the other half in keeping métis supporters intent on rebellion. In a sense the insurrection was as much a religious movement as it was racial and political. The minutes of Riel's war council often read more like those of a church convention. Dumont on the other hand was more hardheaded. A giant of a man, he was known as the best shot, the finest swimmer, the hardest rider in the northwest. From the age of twenty-five he had led a roving band of métis and Sarcee and Cree Indians. It was he rather than Riel who set about stirring up the Indians to help the métis cause. The more or less systematic agitation among the Indians was climaxed by the massacre at Frog Lake on April 2.

The Frog Lake post, about a hundred miles from Battleford, came under the command of Insp. Dickens of nearby Fort Pitt, son of the author of Oliver Twist. It was in the territory of Big Bear and his band of three hundred Cree warriors. Big Bear and his people were hungry. At the beginning of the winter Thomas Quinn, the Indian agent, had cut their food ration in half. A fiery-tempered alcoholic, Quinn had no qualms about selling the other half

of Big Bear's treaty rations at a profit.

The night of April 1, 1885, a great quantity of ochre and vermilion was smeared and streaked over Cree warriors' cheeks. The next morning a band of Crees under the leadership of Wandering Spirit abducted Quinn from his bedroom, ordered him downstairs, then went to the Hudson's Bay store, where they forced the trader to give them more arms.

The Indians herded the whites to the church, where Mass was said. Then Wandering Spirit ordered the Frog Lake people to start marching for the Indian camp. Quinn angrily refused.

Wandering Spirit stared at the man he considered responsible for his empty belly, a man who was halfbreed Sioux and therefore a double enemy of any Cree. He repeated this command again. As Quinn did not obey, Wandering Spirit said angrily, "If you care for your life you're going to do what I tell you! Go to the camp!"

Quinn again refused—and again. "I'll stay here," he said stubbornly.

"I told you to go!" yelled Wandering Spirit, and as he spoke he shot Quinn through the heart.

The massacre of the rest took only a few moments. The Indians rushed at George Dill, a trader, who broke and ran in stumbling terror. It was an unequal race, Dill on foot, the Indians on ponies. Dill stopped and stood helplessly still to be slaughtered. They turned then to shoot William Gilchrist, a bookkeeper, his twitching body falling next to George Dill's. Then came the turn of seventy-five-year-old Williscraft, who ran in the direction of the rest of the whites on their way to the Indian camp. He had just reached Gowanlock, owner of the Frog Lake mills, screaming, "Don't shoot, don't shoot!" when he pitched forward into the bushes with a bullet between his thin shoulder blades. Gowanlock had only time to say, "My dear wife, be brave to the end," before the clear crack of a bullet put the period to his last words.

Delaney, the agricultural instructor whom the Indians hated almost as much as they had Quinn, received a mortal wound. Father Fafard threw himself down beside the dying man and Delaney, with the bright blood of a lung wound, began the confiteor. "My poor brother," said Fafard, "I think you are safe with God." He said the last word, another Indian gun cracked and he fell prostrate over the body of Delaney—both of them writhing together.

As Father Marchand tried to lift the dying priest's body he received his bullet. The last to die was C. Gouin, a Sioux halfbreed carpenter.

One man escaped, Cameron, the Hudson's Bay Company trader, who made it to the bush, then to friendly Indians. Two women, Mrs. Delaney and Mrs. Gowanlock, were dragged from their husband's bodies and taken to the Indian camp where they were saved by a métis who ransomed them for two horses and thirty dollars.

With the Duck Lake battle and the Frog Lake massacre, the government roused itself from its lethargy. General Frederick Middleton had been sent to Winnipeg, arriving there on March 27. There he called out the 90th Battalion; in the east troops from the 10th Royal Grenadiers, the Queen's Own Rifles, the 65th Mount Royal Rifles, and others were raised.

The Saskatchewan insurrection of 1885 and the last chapter in the tragic life of Louis Riel had truly and officially begun.

In the second and concluding installment in the next issue of Maclean's, W. O. Mitchell tells the dramatic story of Riel's capture, trial and execution. ★

Blizzard in the Banana Belt

Continued from page 13

ammunition, then they vanish into their own world again. There is nothing social about our meetings and I sometimes wonder if they are human beings after all.

Winter is by far the worst time. In spite of the fact that Tuktu isn't in the Arctic the cold is so intense that I seldom go outside unless I'm forced to. There isn't anything in that featureless expanse of white to make a visit worth my while.

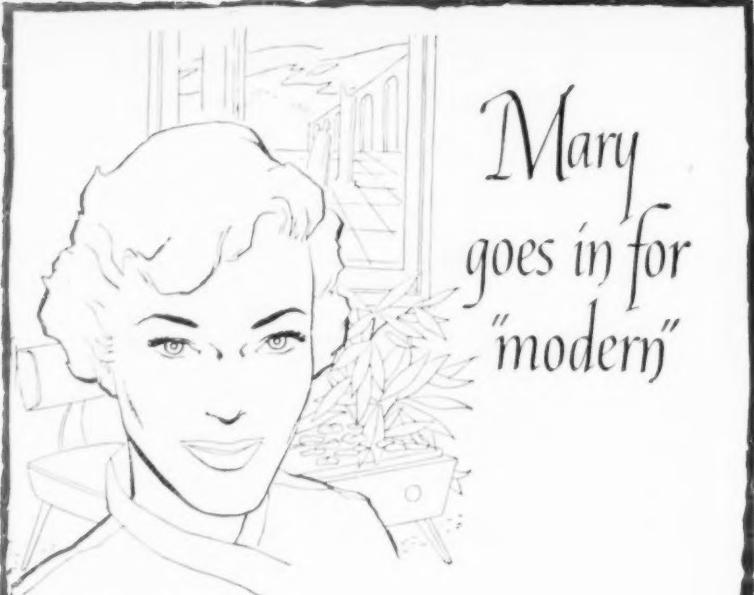
When I first came here I had a radio but it didn't last six months. The windcharger blew to the devil during a gale and the glass storage batteries froze and shattered. Not that it mattered much. Whenever the northern lights suffused the sky with their crepuscular displays my radio blacked out completely. I could hear nothing but a queer tormented rustle of static—something that is supposed to be purely an Arctic phenomenon. It's not supposed to happen where I live.

I used to listen to the aurora, and often I fancied it was laughing at me. Pure fancy, of course, and it didn't worry me, but at times I could have sworn the static was laughing at the stupid injustice some long-dead geographer had forced on me. It was only imagination, of course, but all the same there are people who would claim that I was getting "bushed." A foolish word that one. There is no bush at Tuktu Lake, nor is there a single standing tree within a hundred miles. I wasn't bushed—just angry and a little lonely.

I wasn't getting queer then, nor have I since. I am clearly aware of the obvious fact that the Arctic has its own boundaries which pay no attention to the Arctic circle. I know that people grow cabbages and potatoes at the very mouth of the Mackenzie, two hundred miles north of the circle. I know that the climate sets the boundary of the Arctic along a well-defined natural division known as the timber line which slants off southward from Alaska to the coast of Hudson Bay. I know this, but it seems to have escaped the notice of the world "outside." They see that damned black line so neatly drawn across the map, and they believe the lie it perpetrates.

At Tuktu Lake the winter temperatures make those at the north pole look mild. My mercury thermometer often freezes solidly for a month at a time, and last winter my alcohol thermometer hit sixty-five degrees below the bottom of the scale and stayed there for thirty hours. Often enough the blizzards hold for a full week at a time and the winds howling in an unbroken sweep all the way south from the polar sea are more often hurricanes than not.

AS I HAVE said, winter in my paradise lasts for nine months and there isn't a damn thing to do but stay alive, read and think. The company sends in a box of books with the supply sleds each year and you might guess what sort of books they pick. Stories by all the high-powered explorers who have spent a few months, or years, prowling about the north with mountains of equipment and good Eskimo guides to keep them out of trouble. When they've had enough they go home and write their books, proclaiming themselves experts on the Arctic—the experts. According to these fellows, if you haven't spent a month on an ice pack you are about as much an Arctic resident as is a Hottentot. And if you live south of 66.5 degrees



Mrs. Bell collects antiques



Their tastes may differ, but this holds true for both: they save as carefully as they buy, with a definite purpose in mind.

Are you planning your savings to give you what you want? It's not always easy. But here are two suggestions that have helped others, will help you too:

First, decide what you want most, how much it will cost, and open a special savings account at The Royal Bank of Canada for that one particular purpose . . . then save for it.

Second, use the Royal Bank Budget Book to keep yourself on your course, and to avoid careless spending. The budget book does not suggest how you should spend your money. It does provide you with a simple pattern to help you PLAN YOUR BUDGET TO SUIT YOURSELF. You can get a copy at any branch. Ask for one.

THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

You can bank on the "Royal"

north latitude you're living in the heart of the banana belt.

You can't help but understand how I feel as I sit reading these yarns and staring out my single tiny window into the vortex of the blizzards while the experts condescend to me in a manner that would make the most patient man alive grow angry.

Perhaps I am particularly bitter about these men because of Eileen. Once a year I get my mail at Tuktu, and for the first two years mail day brought a big packet of letters from Eileen—a school teacher at Estevan, Saskatchewan, whom I met on my last leave, and might one day have married. There would be forty or fifty letters from her and I would save them, opening one a week until I reached the end.

She was an educated girl and her letters meant a great deal to me. But perhaps she was too educated because she was constantly trying to impress me with her knowledge of the north. She read all the Arctic books she could find and occasionally attended a lecture by some well-known explorer, then she would write and tell me all about it. She had looked up Tuktu Lake on a map a long time before and every now and again she would say how glad she was that I wasn't in the real Arctic, that I had a relatively safe and comfortable southern post. She would quote from Stefansson, or Nansen to show me how lucky I was.

There was nothing I could do about it. At first I tried telling her about Tuktu as it is, but it was soon clear that she thought I was only trying to build myself up as a bit of a hero. I could see how she felt, though she hid it quite well. After a while I stopped trying to explain, and then, two years ago, I stopped writing. There wasn't any use. I knew there could never be any real understanding between us and so the whole affair died—strangled by a spidery black line across a map.

But you must not get the impression that I let my preoccupation with the Arctic circle become a real obsession. On the contrary for the first three years it was more a matter for rueful laughter. Sometimes I would look out at the snow-devils rolling over the endless plains, driven by the gales from the frozen sea, and I would say to myself, "Damn lucky you're down in the banana belt, old man."

I DID NOT even lose my sense of humor when, during my third winter, the Eskimos themselves proved to me that Tuktu Lake was hardly the banana belt. It was after Christmas, about January 5, when half a dozen Eskimo men arrived at my place and crowded into the room I use as a store. They sat around, jabbering frenziedly, and obviously in a state of great perturbation. I had seen nobody for six weeks and though these fellows stank pretty badly in the warmth of the cabin I was nevertheless glad to see them and anxious to join their talk. It was hard to make sense out of it but at last I got the gist of what they were saying.

It seemed that a month earlier a party of fourteen men, women and children had set out for the post with two sleds, ten dogs, and a big cargo of furs. Three weeks went by and the party never returned to the Eskimo camps which are about a hundred miles north of Tuktu Lake. Finally, in early January, the men I was talking to set out to make a search. The blizzards were terrible that month and it must have been an agonizingly unpleasant trip. Nevertheless the searchers kept on and, when they were about two hundred yards from my cabin, they suddenly came across the

missing people—one of the men stumbled on the runner of an overturned sled lying on a ridge that had been kept snow-free by the wind. Nearby the searchers found three bodies, frozen rock-hard; then the rescue party lost its nerve and came dashing down into my cabin.

The reason for their excitement was explained at last. It developed the Eskimos were so afraid of ghosts they didn't dare go alone to look for the remaining bodies. They wanted me to go with them as a sort of insurance against evil spirits while they prodded the drifts with their long snow-probes and looked for the rest of the missing people.

As I have said I don't often go outside in winter, but this time I did. The wind was down, for a wonder, and it was only about thirty below. I walked two hundred and thirty paces—I counted them—and on a ridge within full view of my shack we found and uncovered the whole fourteen bodies.

There was no way to bury them so I motioned to the living Eskimos to load the sleds and bring the bodies to my place. Then we covered them with blocks of ice and poured water over the mausoleum to cement it fast and to protect the dead from wolves and foxes until spring when the surviving people could bury their relatives in the prescribed way, under rock piles.

As near as I can make out, the victims must have been caught in one of our tropical blizzards and got lost. They must have known the cabin was pretty close and so instead of playing safe and building a proper snowhouse in some sheltered valley they kept on traveling. When the ground drift got so thick they could no longer see, they had to halt, and by that time they were on the ridges where there is no snow deep enough for igloo building. I suppose they must have set the sleds on edge and huddled in that thin shelter to wait out the gale. Well, it lasted too long and outwaited them.

They lay fewer than two hundred yards from me and did not know it, nor did I guess that they were there. They froze to death, and if you have read anything about the Arctic you will know that it is seldom cold enough to freeze an Eskimo.

That night I took a razor blade and scratched out the Arctic circle on the map, redrawing it well to the south of Tuktu Lake. It was a trivial gesture but I felt I owed it to the Eskimos. But I had not yet lost my sense of humor. The next morning I made a little sign and nailed it to my door. Welcome to the Banana Belt, it read.

THE Great West Trading Company doesn't usually leave its men in outposts for more than three years at a stretch because they claim white men can't take the isolation. So, in the late winter of my third year, when the dog teams arrived from Fort Gerrard with the supplies, they also brought a replacement for me. His name was Billy Craine and he was green as grass, a young chap just out from the eastern cities.

Coming up on the four-hundred-mile trip from Gerrard, Craine displayed his inexperience by attempting to chop down a frozen black spruce tree with a frozen axe. The blade simply shattered as it usually will at temperatures below fifty minus, and a bit of steel flew up and gashed his face, almost putting out an eye. He lost a lot of blood and the Indian dog-drivers couldn't help him much. They were just at timberline then, closer to my place than to Gerrard, so they brought him on to Tuktu.

When I saw Craine I knew at once



GROWING UP

The nickels he once spent
On countless ice cream cones
Now find their way instead
To public telephones.

Vanilla, strawberry, chocolate
Have changed to red-head,
blonde, brunette.

—Edward Anderson

that he could not be left alone to run the post. He was too sick either to travel or to be left on his own. I kept the Indians at the post as long as they would stay, but Craine recovered too slowly and at last I had to send the Indians south and resign myself to another year at Tuktu Lake with the new man.

That spring and summer weren't too bad. Craine got well in a few months and for a while he and I got along all right. But though he was willing to learn the tricks of the job he couldn't seem to understand that the most important thing in the north is to learn how to live with another man for a long period of time and avoid serious friction. He made no real effort to avoid doing the little irritating things that have been known to drive men mad in the Barrens country. When fall came and we were cooped up together in the cabin I began to grow a trifle worried. We were living almost literally in each other's laps but Craine remained consistently thoughtless of me and my feelings.

Worst of all was when I talked about the Arctic circle. I had explained about my sign on the front door and for a while Craine thought it was amusing. But as the winter dragged on he didn't seem to think that it was funny any more. For hours on end I tried my level best to explain my point of view about the circle and to make it clear to him how unfair it was that we should be living a bare ten miles south of that arbitrary line, and therefore not really living in the Arctic at all. His reply was that it didn't matter anyway, and he quite failed to see that it did matter very much to me. I suspect he said it didn't matter to annoy me, which was a foolish thing to do.

After the first month of winter he abruptly changed his attitude and resolutely refused to discuss the matter, or to listen when I talked about it. It was the kind of thoughtlessness that worried me. He should have understood that in a situation like ours you have to humor each other's little eccentricities. But Craine refused to play along and, not unnaturally, I began to grow a bit annoyed. Finally there came a six weeks period just before Christmas when neither of us spoke a word to the other man.

At last I decided to make a major

effort. One day after a silent breakfast I started to talk to Craine. I talked for a long time about our individual rights and duties to each other and then I had a brain wave. It struck me that if I could just make Craine share an emotion with me we would have common ground on which to stand. I started in at once to talk about the fellows posted to Aklavik and other places and I pointed out how soft a time they had, while everyone regarded them as little tin gods simply because they lived within spitting distance of the pole. I was sure that if I could get Craine to feel resentful against these people then he and I would have a point in common and he would come to agree with me about the rank injustice of the Arctic circle being where it is.

It didn't work. He kept silent for a long time and utterly refused to see that what I was doing was for his own good as much as mine. And then at last he jumped up from the table and threw the pot of oatmeal porridge straight at my head. When it missed he began to yell and swear like a maniac, shouting that he was fed up to the teeth with living with a crackpot, and if I didn't shut my filthy mouth about the filthy Arctic circle he'd shut it for me. He raved on and on about how it didn't make any difference to a sane man anyway. He said we weren't inside the circle, and the sooner I got that through my head the better.

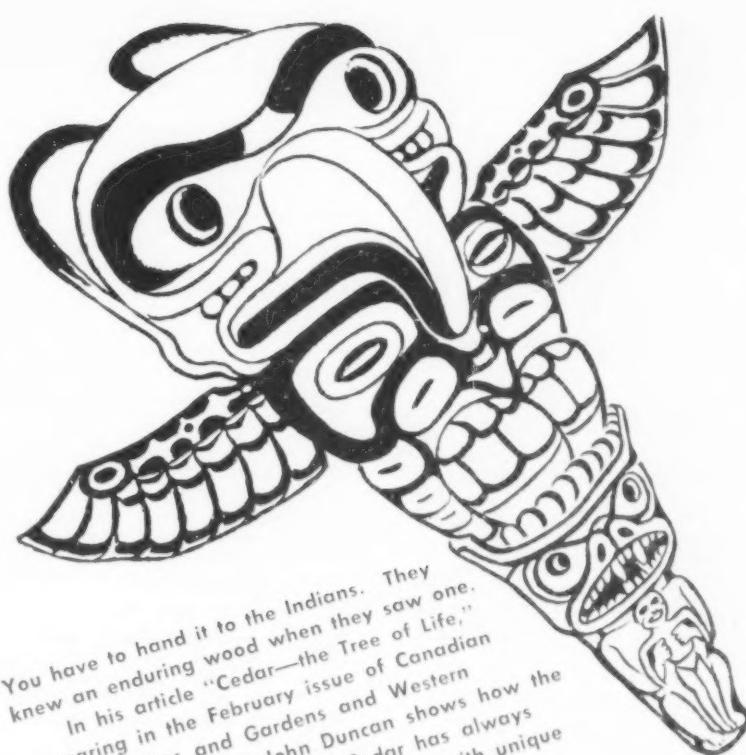
Of course he didn't speak as connectedly as this. Half the time he hardly spoke sense at all—just screamed at me, using more obscene words than I've heard in a lifetime. It was a good ten minutes before he stopped and then he turned and ran out of the room, through the storeroom, and outside the cabin, without even pausing to put on his heavy parka. I knew why. He was ashamed of his outburst and wanted to cool off a bit. Well, it was cool enough outside, for the mercury was frozen again and there was a wind making up out of the grey northwest.

He left the door open and as I moved to shut it an idea came to me that offered the perfect solution to Craine's behavior. Quickly I pushed the heavy door shut and dropped the bar across it.

MIND YOU, I had no intention of causing him any real harm. Temporarily at least, Craine was off his rocker and I merely saw an opportunity to snap him out of it by the application of what doctors call shock treatment. The idea that had come to me was simply that if Craine could be made to experience the real mercilessness and ferocity of the wind and cold he would be forced to the realization that I was in the right. That it did matter. That this was the Arctic. When I barred the door I was thinking of those fourteen Eskimos and how they had certainly known how right I was, though of course the idea had probably never occurred to them. Still the country had proved its point to them and now I was going to let it prove its point to Craine.

I had barely locked the door when he tried to get in again. But he hadn't been outside more than a few seconds and I knew that wasn't long enough. So I called to him through the door and explained that, for his own good, I was going to let him test the validity of my arguments about the Arctic circle. He replied by cursing me wildly and so I knew the cure hadn't done any good as yet. He swore he would break my neck for certain—when he got inside. I ignored his threats and went back into the inner room where I sat down and lit my pipe.

It wasn't so very cold, by Tuktu



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standards, though the temperature was probably about forty degrees below. Anyway it isn't the temperature that makes the cold, but the wind. And this day the wind hadn't seemed particularly strong to me. I certainly wasn't exposing Craine to any serious danger for he was wearing fleece-lined underwear and heavy pants. I must admit I did forget about his feet; but then how could I guess that he was mad enough to rush outside wearing nothing but a pair of duffel socks?

I should say it was about five minutes later, after he had pounded on the door like a madman, that he came around to the window. The glass was heavily frosted over so I couldn't see him, but I could hear him well enough. He was still cursing me, but he seemed to be crying a bit too. Curses and pleading, all mixed up together. It was a bit disgusting. A man of any character does not break down like that unless he is in very real and present danger. Craine was in no danger at all—if he had only used his head.

HE HAD been outside about ten minutes all told and I was about ready to let him in when he went berserk. He smashed the window with his bare hands and then tried to crawl in through the tiny hole.

It was far too small, of course. But his attempt to climb in wasn't what bothered me. What annoyed me was that this piece of glass was more precious than gold, yet Craine had wantonly and thoughtlessly destroyed it in a foolish panic. I felt the rise of real anger against him and I walked to the window, grabbed his head and heaved him back out into the snow. He lay quietly in the drifts for a moment and then he began to writhe like a man lying on hot coals. His face was pretty white and I suppose it was already frostbitten—not a serious matter in itself, and one that could quickly have been remedied if he had just had enough sense to give in then. But he was stupid. He suddenly jumped to his feet, grabbed a chunk of ice and hurled it through the window at me with all his strength.

It missed me by a foot or so and did no harm, but it did make me realize something I had quite overlooked. With a momentary feeling of fear I realized that I didn't dare let him in while he was like this or he would most probably murder me. It was a very sobering thought and my anger against the man evaporated quickly in the face of this new problem.

Craine was back at the window by then, thrusting his face through it, and now he was beginning to blubber. It was not a pleasant sound—rather like an animal. It made me feel honestly sorry for him but I could tell by his eyes that he was too dangerous to be trusted. He tried to get hold of the window frame and I saw that he couldn't seem to grip it. He had to bend his wrists and hook his hands about the wood. I also noticed that, though the breaking glass had deeply gashed his arms through the thick underwear, there was little or no blood. No doubt if I hadn't been so upset myself by that time I would have understood the significance of what I

saw, but as it was I hardly gave these things a thought.

Abruptly his face vanished from the window and I roused myself to take some immediate action. The cold blast through the broken pane was chilling the whole cabin and had to be closed up at once. It took me only a few minutes to get the top of an ammunition crate and to find the hammer and some bent nails. I had to straighten the nails out before I could use them, and I'm a clumsy carpenter at best so it took a bit more time before I had the window boarded over. Then I took some canvas and tacked it to the wood so the whole thing was weather-tight.

While I was occupied with this essential job I heard no more from Craine and I guessed it was time to bring his treatment to a halt. So arming myself with the hammer, in case he was still dangerous, I cautiously opened the main door and called to him. The door faced north and not until I opened it and stood full in the violent thrust of the north wind did I realize how hard it had been blowing.

Craine did not answer me, but I knew he might be deliberately keeping silent to lure me outside. I went back in and got my heavy caribou parka, then, with the hammer in my gloved hand, I stepped carefully outside and began to walk around the cabin, keeping well away from the walls and corners. The gale flicked ice-hard snow against my face and I had to pull the hood of the parka up at once so that it was hard to see. The ground drift had been whipped up until visibility was practically zero anyway, so it was not surprising that it took me twenty minutes to find Craine.

NOBODY could have felt worse about the incident than I did then. I dragged his body back to the cabin and pulled it into the storeroom with immense difficulty. It was frozen so stiffly that his outflung arms wouldn't bend, and I had to edge him through the doorway. He was back inside at last, but there was nothing I could do for him by then. Eventually I took him out again and with great efforts managed to hoist him up on the storehouse roof where he would be safe from the wolves and wolverines. I did the best I could.

He was still there when the supply teams arrived this spring. I wrapped him up well and packed him aboard one of the sleds, not without serious opposition from the Indians who absolutely refused to carry the body south until I threatened them with the police, the priest, and with my personal wrath.

I am staying on at the post for another year. It can't be left vacant or the Eskimos will rifle it, so it's my duty to stay till a replacement comes. God knows it's not from choice.

Five years is a bit too long and I will have to watch myself this coming winter. I know my sense of humor has become a little strained and that is hardly strange when you consider the details of poor Craine's suicide. Poor devil! He did it the hard way, but in the end he proved beyond a doubt that I am right. In spite of my little sign upon the door, this place is hardly the banana belt. It is the Arctic, after all. ★

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GOULD BATTERIES



A BUTCHER TALKS BACK in the next issue of Maclean's

ON SALE FEB. 8

Vancouver Takes to the Hills

Continued from page 15

on Garibaldi Lodge, five thousand feet up the slopes. Using only a team of horses they had to wrestle hundreds of huge logs up a one-thousand-foot slope directly below the lodge site. Then they cut a trail through the dense woods to connect with an old logging road and this winter put a snowmobile on it. Now the trip in from the head of Howe Sound takes only two hours by jeep. (The ferry trip from Vancouver costs two dollars.)

There are still no rope tows on Garibaldi and it takes all morning to toil up three miles that can be raced down on skis in six minutes. It's rugged, old style skiing and not for nosebaggers.

Cabins Sit on Stilts

But some day Garibaldi may reach the high peak of organized civilization represented by the Grouse Mountain Ski Village around which much of the skiers' social life centres in Vancouver. The village is run by an incorporated company which owns the lower lift and the bottom half of the mountain. It was the brainchild of a stocky Finnish ski enthusiast and steam-bath operator named Joe Wepsala, who started it in 1939. The village clusters around Wepsala's Village Inn, a restaurant-cum-meeting hall. The skiers build their own cabins—on twenty-foot stilts to escape the deep snows—on ground leased from the village. The ground lease, including taxes, costs around twenty-eight dollars a year and can be canceled for misbehavior, or improper fire precautions. Before a skier builds his cabin he must submit the plans to the Ski Village for approval.

The villagers are gregarious skiers who hold Halloween masquerades, Klondike nights, Christmas and New Year parties and two other bacchanalias known as the Slalom of the Fireflies and the Eggcup Race, held on successive days to mark the end of the official ski season.

A POET PERPLEXED



She Don't Like Me

I wish someone would show me how
I can learn to milk my cow.
No matter how I plead or shout
I simply cannot coax it out.
Her crafty eyes show me no pity . . .
I think she knows I'm from the city.

—L. G. MENDERSHAUSEN, JR.



"I think perhaps he wants us to go."

The slalom starts on the peak of Grouse Mountain with skyrockets and a bonfire of tires. Then the skiers, carrying railway flares, push off down a torchlit course for the Chalet. The following day everyone lines up for the Eggcup Race, in which skiers try to run an obstacle course with an egg in each pocket. The trophies are eggcups mounted on wood.

Each December the village holds its own civic elections. These were started as a take-off on routine municipal affairs. Last fall two complete slates of candidates took turns putting on a rowdy evening of skits, imitations and campaign songs and on the basis of these the village elected its mayor, fire chief, morality officer, sanitary inspector and other officials. The institution is an excuse for several days of revelry but the new officers are expected to take their jobs at least seriously enough to see that the mountain is kept clean, fire-free and reasonably well-behaved.

Promoters are already planning better conveniences for the ever-increasing crowds taking to the hills above the city. On Hollyburn, officials are planning a new five-mile road to the ski areas, and a lodge, to provide overnight accommodation. New ski runs, served by rope tows, are being blueprinted for Seymour.

Projected improvements on Grouse Mountain don't go as far as the late Senator-Mayor Gerry McGeer's fifteen-year-old suggestion that the mountain be outlined in neon, but they do include two more chairlifts, a new hotel to replace the twenty-five-year-old Chalet and a Roman Catholic chapel. The ski jump has already been lengthened to accommodate the Canadian Jumping Championships next month.

And all the time, especially at this season, the rain continues to fall in Vancouver. The afternoon temperature hovers around a bland forty-four degrees. It won't go below zero and it may soar to sixty-one. If there's been no trace of snow on the streets by March 1, four hundred thousand Vancouverites won't be too surprised. But on the week ends the streetcars will be loaded, as always, with girls in toques and men in ski pants. Most of them will be wearing slickers over their snow togs. But by the time they reach the two-thousand-foot level the snow will be falling and the weather will be just right for the sport that has been described in the classic sentence: "Whoosh! Then walk a mile." ★

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Backstage at Ottawa

Continued from page 5

frustrated by political influence. If they're no good the MP's job is not to evade them but to amend them—as the Customs men devoutly hope he will.

Incidentally, a batch of the nine million confiscated cigarettes, which up to now have been distributed in veterans' hospitals in Canada, is now on its way to the troops in Korea. The shipment was held back so as not to arrive at Christmas, when smoke supplies are at their peak anyway; it should reach the special brigade just about the time the Santa Claus cigarettes are all smoked up.

* * *

At Lisbon this month the North Atlantic Alliance may find itself facing a real crisis.

As at Ottawa in September, and at Rome in November, the statesmen are still confronted with NATO's primary task: sharing out the burden of common defense. So far they have failed not only to do it but even to demonstrate conclusively that it can be done.

Some observers feel that Lisbon is the last round, that if NATO fails a third time it's finished. Of course, the shell of it would go on meeting and talking and appointing committees; nobody suggests the organization would be openly abandoned. But NATO might lose the confidence of its member governments, cease to be a major instrument of policy and become a mere talk-shop like the Council of Europe at Strasbourg.

Canadian delegates seem to be agreed on these cold hard facts, according to friends who have talked to each individually. They are not so unanimous on what to do about the situation.

Mike Pearson, as befits a Minister of External Affairs, is said to be mainly worried about NATO's future. The creation of this international team was one of the great diplomatic achievements of the postwar period. As Canadian Minister of External Affairs, Louis St. Laurent was the first man to suggest it. Pearson, on his own account and as St. Laurent's successor, would naturally do almost anything to avert the calamity of a NATO breakdown.

Doug Abbott in Finance and Brooke Claxton in National Defense, their friends say, have a slightly different reaction. They would, of course, deplore any loss of strength or prestige for the alliance, but they've regarded it with some scepticism from the outset. Meanwhile their job is to find the money, the men and the material for Canada's share in the NATO enterprise. They take a dark view of any suggestion that this share isn't big enough.

No such hints and prods are likely to appear in any official public statement, but they were given in private at Paris and at Rome.

* * *

Last September at the Ottawa meeting, you may recall, NATO set up an all-member committee (the twelve apostles) to work on the problem of burden-sharing. The twelve apostles named a working committee of three (the three wise men): Harriman of the United States, Plowden of Britain, Monnet of France. The wise men were not ready with a formal report when the twelve apostles reconvened in Paris, but they had some pretty clear notions in their heads.

They proposed to ask for more help

all round from everybody, including Canada. Before even a draft report was actually set on paper Canadians had managed to persuade the wise men that this would be unwise. After all, they argued, you can maintain fifteen European soldiers in Europe for the cost of maintaining one Canadian there, and so on, and so on. The arguments are familiar over here.

So the wise men thought they might ask Canada for economic help. They found Abbott just as dead against that. Canada, he pointed out, has no surplus to send abroad. We may have a budget surplus, but that's a mere excess of taxes over government expenditure. In our international accounts we have no surplus at all, but a deficit. Economic aid to Europe would increase that deficit. Canada now earns American dollars by selling abroad such products as aluminum and wheat. If we start giving those things away we earn fewer dollars and have a bigger deficit. In short, Canadian economic aid to Europe would really be financed by Canada borrowing money in the United States. Abbott won't do it.

He thought he had made this clear, too, before even a draft report was actually prepared. To his annoyance the recommendation turned up just the same when the wise men turned in their report to the apostles. However, since he had already served notice that Canada wouldn't agree, the apostles took it out again. No public report would ask any country for anything the country wouldn't do.

* * *

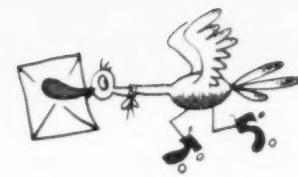
Canadian delegates had other reasons for refusing, as well as their belief that Canada couldn't afford it. Some of them feel pretty strongly that Europe isn't entitled to gifts until European governments do a little more for themselves. They say Britain is making a real stern effort to carry out her share of the rearmament program, but that the continental partners are not. European arms programs are all hung upon an "If" . . . "We'll do thus and so if you will give us so many American dollars, so much American equipment, such and such raw material."

Meanwhile Europe (including Britain) is importing altogether about a billion dollars' worth of American coal each year, in spite of the fact that there is European coal in the ground and idle men available to mine it. This kind of thing, in the view of some Canadians, is economic lunacy. Let the European partners dig their own coal, balance their own budgets, collect their own taxes before serving demands on other countries which have paid their way from the start and intend to keep on doing so.

Indeed, even the internationalists like Pearson agree that economic aid would be useless without more self-help. They don't really quarrel with their colleagues on any question of fact. What they do fear is that a refusal by Canada to increase its contribution might be made the excuse for similar refusals by other countries which haven't been pulling their weight. If there is such a sit-down strike the United States might conceivably pull out altogether, and NATO come tumbling down like a house of cards.

* * *

That's why the Lisbon conference is crucial. If it fails the alliance may crumble. On the other hand, if it succeeds even partially in cracking this central problem of Western defense we shall have got over the gravest single obstacle we've had to face. ★



MAILBAG

Doesn't Anybody Hate Vancouver?

Have just read your article, The Great Vancouver Love Affair (Nov. 15), and I am greatly impressed. I am a former Vancouverite, having lived there for about thirty years. As you say, having lived in Vancouver you'll be in love with her for life.—Mrs. Janet Wass, Windsor, Ont.

• In our humble opinion it reflected the conditions very accurately.—M. L. Sweeney, Vancouver.

• My home is in Vancouver Heights, on one of the hills overlooking the Lions and the harbor—and I hope it won't be long before I'll be back there to stay.—Beverley C. Darling, Toronto.

• Everything Berton said about falling in love with Vancouver is true (although slightly exaggerated). One part amused me—where it said that Vancouver is so new that it has never been without telephone service. For my money I believe they must have the original equipment. Ask anyone who tries to get a number.—R. E. Reynolds, Burnaby, B. C.

• You have, no doubt, been deluged by letters from Vancouver readers who



have directed a part of their love for their city to you.—Ernie G. Perrault, Vancouver.

• I haven't spoken to a soul who has read it who did not truly enjoy every word.—Harold Merilees, Vancouver.

The West's Worst Disaster

I was coming down from the Yukon in the Sophia in Dec. 1917 and, late one night, I was on deck for a last breath of air before bed when I overheard a conversation in the wheelhouse. The second mate was on watch and the second engineer off duty, and the latter had come up for a chat.

"What happened to that fireman of yours last night?" asked the mate.

"Oh, I suppose he went to sleep," said the engineer.

"Well," said the mate, "he'll have this ship on the rocks one of these nights if it happens again."

Coming down the Lynn Canal by Juneau the ships used to travel by dead reckoning if the lights could not be seen, or if echoes were indistinct in heavy weather; it would seem that, if the boiler pressure went down, the revs of the engines would go down, too, and the ship, instead of making so



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many miles in so many minutes, would go some distance less; and, when course was changed, it would be easy to pile up on Vanderbilt Reef.

I know nothing about what steam pressures do to revs of machinery, but I heard that conversation and have always remembered it when I heard about the Sophia. Capt. Locke was a fine bluff sailor and did his duty to the end, assisted by the counsel of many river-boat captains well used to coast waters . . . Only, I just hope that the fireman didn't go to sleep.—Rev. C. Swanson, Vancouver.

The Trumpets Sound

I found your story, High Priestess of the Jazz Age, by Douglas Dacre (Nov. 15), both awe-inspiring and humorous. This is an amazing example of how a born actress, inspired by her religious environment during her youth, was able to hoodwink thousands of gullible persons and relieve them of their cash by preying upon their ignorant beliefs.—Gerald J. Dewar, Melville, Sask.

• I am certainly surprised that a magazine of your high calibre would accept and publish such a disgusting, high-fetched, untrue article.—J. P. Oxby, Calgary, Alta.

He Should Live So Long

Thank you for an interesting article about Dr. Hans Selye (If You Live To



Be a Hundred, Dec. 1). But you failed to explain why any thinking person would want to live a hundred and sixty years in a world like this.—R. C. Plant, Brockville, Ont.

A Caning for Striped Pants

Thanks for your splendid editorial, The Princess and the Striped-Pants Curtain, Dec. 1. It needed to be said.—C. F. Campbell, Haney, B.C.

• Our vanguard of stripes (in Halifax) may have been smaller, but for all that just as persistently assiduous (and such very new pants they were, too!) not to mention the smother of inflation-mink jackets . . . Your editorial ends on a note of optimism which, frankly, I cannot share. Next time it would be the same routine over again, with perhaps faint odors of moth balls superimposed.—Katharine Brant, Halifax.

• You are dead right.—Alfred Carmichael, Victoria.

• The reception in Winnipeg will go down in history as a veritable fiasco.—Mrs. Frances E. Stevens, Portage la Prairie, Man.

A Page for Sunday

I think the suggestion by two correspondents in Mailbag for a Sunday or religious feature in your magazine is excellent. I hope enough readers think so for you to introduce one. I remember a fine article about a Happy Baker (June 1, 1951) which I would consider was religious, and very wholesome religion too.—Winifred M. New, Gibsons, B.C.

WIT AND WISDOM

Retire at Twenty—There seems to be only one sure way for everybody to be happy: Just let the old and the young change places.—*Chatham (Ont.) News*.

The Knowing Nose—Add another use for the nose, apart from breathing through it and sticking it in other people's business: everyone can now pay through it.—*Moose Jaw (Sask.) Times Herald*.

Memory Lingers On—One of the chief reasons parents worry about their children is that they were children themselves once.—*Oshawa (Ont.) Times Gazette*.

Complete Cure—Snipped from a patent medicine testimonial: "Since taking your tablets I am another woman. My husband is delighted."—*Delia (Alta.) Times*.

Mary had a little lamb
A very small thin slice.
That was all she could afford
At the prevailing price.
—*Canadian Observer, Sarnia, Ont.*

All's Fair—Experts announce that we will be ready for war by 1954. The other side will please note that starting something before then will be considered cheating.—*Calgary Herald*.

Razor Wit—A fellow was shaving in the open air. A friend came by and enquired: "Do you always shave outside?"

"Of course," the shaver said. "Do you think I'm fur-lined?"—*Grimsby (Ont.) Independent*.

He Asked For It—"I want to tell you, sir, that I'm engaged to your daughter."

"Well, don't tell me your troubles. What else did you expect after hanging around the house every night for months?"—*The Albertan, Calgary*.

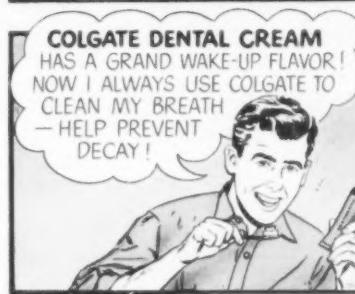
Rum Ration—A minister, addressing a women's missionary meeting, said that "thousands of gallons of rum go into Africa for every missionary who is sent there." One of the sisters whispered to her neighbor: "Rather a large allowance for those missionaries, don't you think?"—*Halifax Chronicle Herald*.

Deep Are the Roots—Three-year-old Sally was helping her father weed the garden. She grabbed an extremely large weed, pulled for several minutes and out it came.

"My," said her father, "you must be pretty strong to pull out such a big weed."

"Yes," agreed Sally. "Don't forget the whole world was pulling on the other end."—*Halifax Mail Star*.

And They Call Her Lady—Luck is what happens when preparation meets opportunity.—*Chatham (Ont.) News*.



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The man who said:

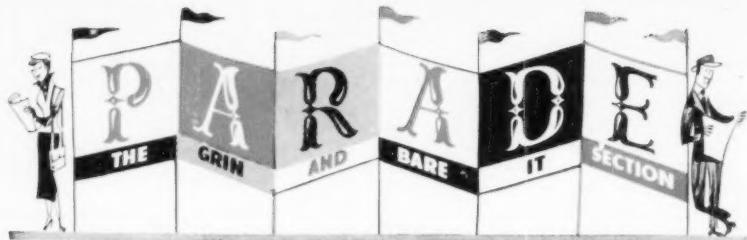
"I'm eating my cake
and I'm going to
have it too"



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The CANADA LIFE
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A SMALL store on the outskirts of Halifax evidently found it difficult to observe the Lord's Day Alliance Act. Mistrusting his own will power its owner put this notice in his window on Sundays:

"The Lord bade us observe the Sabbath. Help us to keep this commandment by staying away."

In Guelph, Ont., a woman of ninety-five decided to apply for an old-age pension but could not produce her birth certificate because she



was born before registration of birth became a regular practice. Her relatives solved her problem by suggesting she submit the birth certificates of her son, sixty-seven, and her daughter, sixty-two.

The owner of a Calgary service station hired an attendant and found his new employee satisfactory for several weeks. One morning, however, the man failed to appear. Soon the owner found that fifty dollars was missing from the till. The police caught the attendant who readily admitted the theft and was sentenced to thirty days in jail.

A month later the culprit strolled into the service station and said to the owner, "I've come for my pay."

"But you stole fifty dollars of my money and I never got it back," answered the startled owner.

"I can't help that," said his former employee. "I served thirty days in jail for my crime and you still owe me sixteen dollars for my work."

The owner paid up.

A miner from northern Ontario was standing on King Street, Toronto, outside a hotel when a stranger approached him, glanced upward toward the hotel and asked, "King Edward?"

"No, Ned Black from Larder Lake," answered the poker-faced northerner.

Now that the sale of horsemeat is legal in Edmonton, a city official has come up with the suggestion that its quality should be graded like beef — win, place and show.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

A woman giving evidence in a western Ontario court was trying to show the magistrate that her husband was not guilty of a drunk and disorderly charge. A constable testified that the man was "stupid drunk" and that he fell into a peaceful and deep slumber in the police cell soon after he was arrested. Triumphantly the wife countered with, "Well, that proves it. He never goes to sleep when he gets drunk at home!"

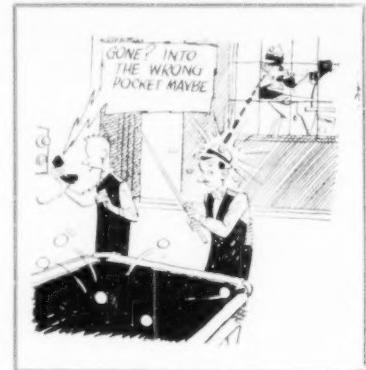
On the CPR line between Toronto and Sudbury a young engineer was talking to the roadmaster while some immigrant workmen were clearing roadbed for a new track. The engineer described a correspondence course he was taking and added that he found the mathematics very difficult. "There's a book by some German fellow called Mueller on differential calculus that I can't make head or tail of," he confessed.

One of the DPs broke in with, "That book it is not hard."

"Have you ever read it?" asked the engineer loftily.

"Yes," said the man quietly. "I'm Mueller."

A young wife in Guelph was trying to get in touch with her husband one



Saturday afternoon. She telephoned the pool hall and was told, "No, he left here some time ago."

After a moment of silence the wife said, "Look at the front table. I'm calling from the store across the street."

When a sudden rainstorm hit downtown Winnipeg a streetcar conductor offered a woman passenger a piece of his newspaper to protect her new hat. A bareheaded teen-ager promptly asked for another piece. For the rest of her trip the girl sat gravely folding the paper and stepped off the car wearing a jaunty cocked hat.



New 5-pass. Starliner "hard-top" convertible. Commander V-8 shown—Champion model also available. Chrome wheel discs optional at extra cost—all specifications subject to change without notice. The Studebaker Corporation of Canada, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont.

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